The Outlook

JULY 6, 1921

IS THERE HOPE FOR PEACE IN IRELAND?

ONLY a few weeks ago Lloyd George declared that the differences between the two conflicting sides in Ireland seemed irreconcilable, and he used the same word in contrasting the declared policy of the Sinn Fein and the policy of England, adding, to clinch the matter, that the policy of establishing an Irish Republic is impossible.

Now, however, there is a serious and evidently carefully thought out attempt to bring representatives of these "irreconcilable" elements into conference in order that some just and reasonable way for peace and compromise may be found.

King George lately opened formally and with great ceremony the new Parliament of North Ireland, and his very presence (considering the disorder and dangerous condition of Belfast during the election) was a sign not only of his personal courage but of the importance that his Government attached to this event in Irish history. In his address the King made an eloquent appeal that the acceptance by the so-called Ulster Provinces of reasonable Home Rule might be followed by willingness in the south of Ireland to accept representative government without absolute independence. Without arguing the case or going into details, he expressed the hope that, just as in South Africa, where racial and religious prejudices had been laid aside for unity, so in Ireland men of differing creed and political aspirations might be induced "to pause, to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget, and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace, contentment, and good will."

This appeal was soon followed by Lloyd George's invitation to the head of the Sinn Fein faction, Mr. De Valera, to meet with Sir James Craig, the Premier of the new Government in North Ireland, and with the English Prime Minister. A safeguard for this purpose was offered to Mr. De Valera and associates of his political faction whom he wished to appear with him. There is a special value in having the new Ulster Premier represent Ulster rather than Sir Edward Carson, whose past activity, it is thought, makes him less desirable for compromise purposes.

But hardly had the invitation been announced than difficulties began to be made on both sides. It is said that De Valera will consent to the meeting only if certain conditions are first granted. This at once suggests that, if conditions are to be granted in advance, Mr. Lloyd George might very properly demand from the Sinn Fein leaders in advance an open disavowal of complicity in the policy of ambush and assassination which preceded reprisals. If the Sinn Fein leaders claim to control the so-called Sinn Fein national army, and if the scores of assassinations which preceded any reprisal were in any way the work of men connected with that army, a terrible responsibility rests upon the Sinn Fein organization—one which it ought either to justify or renounce. Again, there seems to be considerable opposition to the proposed meeting from the Ulster counties. One Ulster member of Parliament has declared: "We are willing to work with all Irishmen for our country's good, but only as free, self-respecting citizens of the British Empire. We decline to associate with murderers, at least until they have repented of their evil deeds."

Certainly the world at large will hope that, despite all difficulties and conflicting passions, there may come out of this new effort a plan that will establish something like Dominion rule in the two irreconcilable sections of Ireland, and that will make brute force, murder, and revenge for murder things impossible for the future.

THE AUTHOR OF THE DRAGO DOCTRINE

LUIS MARIA DRAGO is dead, at the age of sixty-three. He was the propounder of the famous Drago Doctrine.

Dr. Drago was early impressed by the fact that the attempt of Napoleon III to impose Maximilian upon Mexico was based largely upon the purchase of Mexican bonds by France which were repudiated by Mexico.

When Señor Drago became Argentine Foreign Minister, England, Germany, and Italy were resorting to bombardment in order to compel the Venezuelan Government to pay the debts contracted by it with citizens of those European countries. This aroused Drago to action. He wrote a letter to John Hay, then our Secretary of State, declaring that no collection of Government bonds ought to provoke armed intervention, still less territorial occupancy.

Dr. Drago's letter to Mr. Hay made a profound impression upon that statesman, who officially acknowledged it and made it public throughout the world. Mr. Hay's opinion was shared by his successor, Mr. Root, who, when the Second Hague Conference was called, instructed the American delegates to ask for consideration of the subject, reminding them that it had long been our established policy not to use our Army and Navy for the collection of ordinary contract debts due to our citizens from other governments and declaring that he did not consider such use of force consistent with respect for the independent sovereignty of other nations.

The Hague Conference heeded Mr. Root's request and made it the subject of the Second Convention, enacted in 1907, as follows:

> The contracting Powers agree not to have recourse to armed force for the recovery of contract debts claimed from the government of one country by the government of another country, as being due to its nationals.
>
> This undertaking is, however, not applicable when the debtor state refuses or neglects to reply to an offer of arbitration, or, after accepting the offer, prevents any *compromis* from being agreed on, or, after the arbitration, fails to submit to the award.

Drago's work was thus monumental. His name has been justly carried into every civilized country of the world.

THE PUBLIC HELPS SETTLE A STRIKE

IN Cleveland a strike in the building trades has involved some twenty-five thousand workingmen and their families, and also about forty million dollars' worth of construction contracts under way. Fruitless negotiations have been going on for several months. Finally, the establishment of a wage scale was submitted to the arbitration of a Conciliation Board, the members of which represented equally the organized employers and the organized employees in the building trades of Cleveland, augmented by the addition of seven representatives of the public at large. The particular problems before the Board were how to revive the building trade industry so as to relieve both the prevailing unemployment and the shortage of buildings and how to reconcile the rate of pay with the falling cost of living without reducing the pay below the living wage.

The seven representatives of the pub-

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lic at large carefully considered the extent to which the cost of living has decreased between the peak price of July, 1920, and the present price level, and traced the course of prices and wages from the pre-war level to those which now obtain. It was found that the percentage of alteration of pay in the different building crafts was not precisely uniform. In adjusting differentials, many factors had to be taken into account, such as the relative skill, difficulty, danger, agreeableness, and seasonal conditions interrupting the work of the different crafts, and also the corresponding differentials obtaining elsewhere than in Cleveland.

The conclusion reached by the public representatives was so fair and acceptable that the Board adopted it and recommends the creation of a permanent board of experts, to be presided over by an impartial chairman, so that the public may have permanent representation in the settlement of wage disputes and of all jurisdictional questions, and also in the abatement of abuses and in the development of general well-being within the building trades industry.

So far as we know, in that industry throughout the country no such permanent board of experts under a neutral chairman has been devised. Such a board ought to deal not only with questions of wage scales and jurisdictional disputes, but also with commodity prices, with the value of profits, with the price of money and the attitude of moneylenders, with transportation and hauling costs, with occupational standards and general construction costs.

If, acting on the Cleveland initiative, the public could be thoroughly informed and represented in regard to all these matters, the building trades in every American city might expect early and continuous revival.

A TRIUMPH FOR SAMUEL GOMPERS

THE overwhelming vote in favor of retaining Samuel Gompers as President of the American Federation of Labor indicates that organized unions trust his leadership and distrust the revolutionary methods that failed so signally in Seattle. Both Gompers and his opponent, Mr. J. L. Lewis, have declared against "one big union" and the attempts to starve and bully communities into complying with demands of the few backed by the disorder of mobs. But undoubtedly Mr. Lewis's following was largely made up of the more radical element in the Denver Convention. That Mr. Gompers should win by a vote of more than two to one (25,022 to 12,324) is significant. Mr. Gompers is an aggressive fighter, but he wants to follow the established methods of union organization and detests labor Bolshevism. He expressed his feeling as to the result of the contest by saying that "the whole work of the Convention, the resolutions and declarations adopted, the policies indicated, mean for the future a united, progressive, militant movement, following upon a progressive, fruitful, and militant past."

The Federation's most radical move at Denver was a reaffirmation in stronger terms than before of its belief in Government ownership of railways and their democratic operation—the last phrase is one capable of widely differing definitions. The Irish question caused heated and violent talk, but the Convention had the good sense to refuse to demand a boycott on British goods. Its request of Congress to recognize the Irish Republic was impertinent and foolish but harmless. The attempt to favor an amendment to the United States Constitution taking from Congress the power to declare war and substituting a referendum to the people died a deserved death.

A NEW FORM OF GOVERNMENT SECURITY

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MELLON recently announced an offering of $500,000,000 of short-term notes, the proceeds to be used to help retire the Victory Bonds, of which the Government has already bought up and canceled nearly half a billion dollars' worth. The new issue is the first step in the Administration's campaign to fund its maturing obligations into new paper.

The short-term notes are part for one year and part for three years: the first, dated June 15, 1921, due June 15, 1922, and the second, dated June 15, 1921, due June 15, 1924.

The one-year notes bear 5½ per cent interest, and the three-year notes 5¾ per cent.

The notes are exempt from the normal Federal income tax, the corporation tax, and from all State and local taxation except estate and inheritance taxes; but are not exempt from Federal income surtaxes or profits taxes.

The notes are issued in denominations from $100 to $100,000.

The three-year notes should prove especially attractive to investors, whether individuals or groups. Patriotic sentiment may move some citizens to subscribe to them, but investors will be more strongly influenced, we may be sure, by the facts that the notes are tax-exempt, are acceptable in payment of income and profits taxes, and are not subject to call for redemption before maturity.

The announcement introduces a new form of Government security and marks a new departure in Government financing. No Government issue comes nearer to competing with private financing than does this. It should, however, we think, not really conflict with the investment market, as the issue will attract a different class of investors from that attracted by corporate offerings or even foreign Government bonds.

THE GRADE-CROSSING MENACE

THE dreadful disaster not long ago at a Perth Amboy, New Jersey, grade crossing and the similarly fatal disaster which preceded it at Shipley, Maryland, are evidences of the growing seriousness of the grade-crossing system, especially in view of the increase of highway travel.

The accident at Perth Amboy was particularly poignant. A crew of volunteer firemen were on their way to a fire. The driver of the truck did not see that the gateman was waving a flag. The truck collided with the Lakewood Express. Nine of the firemen were killed and others injured.

At Shipley the accident occurred at a crossing already famous, or rather infamous, by reason of similar disasters. Since June 1, 1910, no less than seven have occurred at this crossing.

For the latest reported quarter of a year the Inter-State Commerce Commission's Bulletin shows that 632 persons were killed and 1,500 injured by highway grade-crossing accidents. Of these, twenty-five of the killed and twenty-two of the injured were "trespassers."

Of course original conditions in railway construction in this country were such that grade crossings had to be permitted. But they have now become an increasing menace. They are death-traps. In the ultimate analysis, safety is dependent upon the human factor. No automatic device has been successfully operated to eliminate that factor.

The only thing to do is to act as Great Britain has done—put the grade crossings out of business. They should be abolished with all the rapidity consistent with fair dealing between the railways, on the one hand, and State and local authorities, on the other.

Some of the States, notably Massachusetts, have taken steps in this direction. New Jersey is one of those States. But, as this is a matter of tremendous expense, and as the expense must be divided between the railway and the town, county, or State, slow progress has been made.

Some years ago, in the New Jersey primary elections, opposite the names of candidates for the Legislature there appeared on the ballot a brief statement of measures they advocated. One such in-

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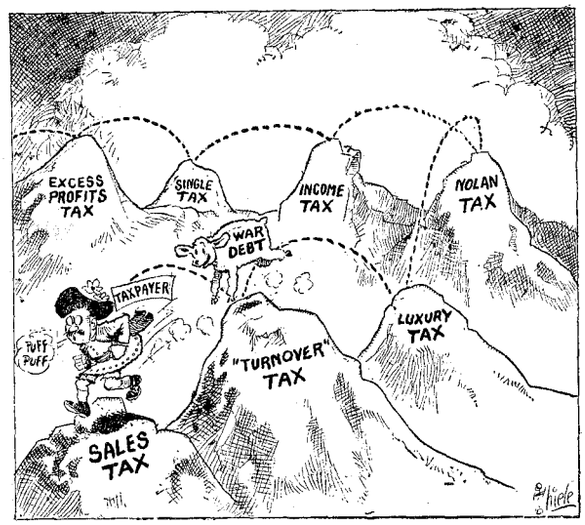
KNOW YOU OF THIS TAXATION?

(Henry VIII, I, 2)

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



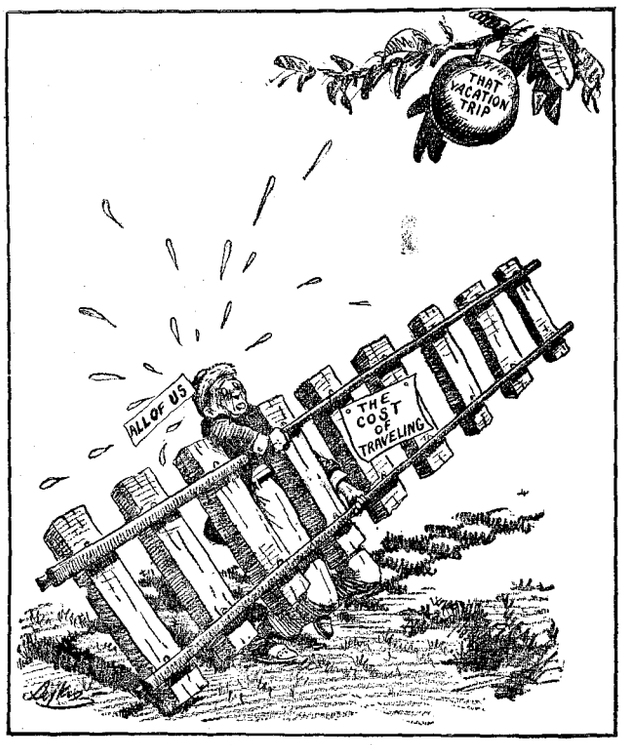
"—AND EVERY PLACE THAT MARY WENT THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO"

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

"GREAT SCOTT, IS SHE DRYING UP?"

Income Tax Returns are short by $500,000,000.—News Item

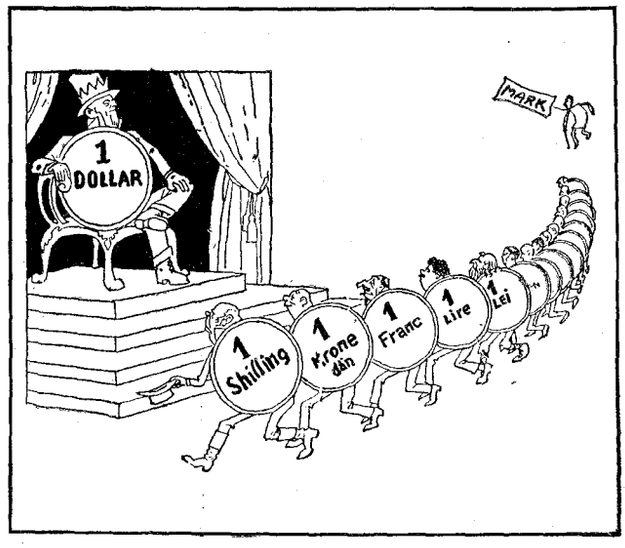
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



COMES HIGH, BUT—

From Miss M. S. Bispham, Philadelphia, Pa.

From Kladderadatsch, Berlin



IN PROCESSION BEFORE THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

From M. Wilshin, Southall, England

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JEFFERY JOHN ARCHER AMHERST, VISCOUNT HOLMESDALE (DESCENDANT OF LORD JEFFERY AMHERST), WHO CAME FROM ENGLAND TO ATTEND THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF AMHERST COLLEGE

dication of purpose was "Abolish grade crossings." We venture to say that in the next elections in that State, especially those in the county of Middlesex, in which Perth Amboy is situated, such an indication of purpose would certainly win many voters.

AMHERST'S CENTENNIAL COMMENCEMENT

ESTABLISHED in 1821, Amherst College rounded out its first century of service this spring, and its alumni signalized the anniversary by an impressive celebration and a $3,000,000 gift.

Nothing illustrates better the character and quality of the celebrated "Amherst spirit" than the remarkable fashion in which her sons organized themselves for the Centennial Gift and carried it through to success. They are not a large body—less than five thousand, counting graduates and non-graduates both—and they started late.

Other college campaigns were projected over a period of months; the Amherst intensive drive was confined to four days, with the slogan, "A hundred-hour campaign for a hundred-year-old college." And in four days, in December, more than two and a half million dollars of the three-million-dollar fund was secured. A continuation of the effort by the various class secretaries brought the total to a little more than the three million dollars sought.

At the centennial celebration, held in Amherst June 20–23, nearly three thousand of her five thousand sons were present. The exercises concluded with a pageant depicting the dramatic events in the history of the College from the day when the farmers drove in from the surrounding country-side to contribute their teams and labor and granite stone to the erection of the first building down to the day when the undergraduates of three years ago marched away to play their part in the World War. Preceding the pageant on Monday and Tuesday there were a series of orations by eminent alumni and visitors detailing Amherst's contributions to America in statesmanship, science, literature, the professions, and the arts.

Here is a little Yankee institution hidden in the New England hills—modest, thrifty, unassuming, costing America for its total endowment less than America pays for a single battleship. Yet out of it have marched a great procession of strong, devoted men to enrich the life of the Nation in every department. In statesmanship the record includes a long list of eminent names, from Galusha A. Grow, the Civil War Speaker of the House of Representatives, to Frederick H. Gillett, the present Speaker, Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President (that is, both presiding officers of Congress), and Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State. Among other distinguished alumni was Henry Ward Beecher, whose pulpit was presented to the College at Commencement.

Yet the real test of a college is not in the extraordinary men whom its training develops; but rather in the rank and file of its graduates who, without special recognition, play their loyal parts in the life of the communities where they have their homes. Judged by the character and quality of this great group of its alumni, Amherst may well be proud of the record of her first hundred years. "I can almost always tell an Amherst man," said the President of one of the Nation's foremost universities in private conversation recently. "Somehow, Amherst seems to put a stamp of genuineness and honest service on her men that is distinguishable almost anywhere."

PRESIDENT ANGELL OF YALE

IN Yale's enthusiastic welcome to her new President the emphasis was laid on the fact that Yale and all other great universities must work on National lines and shape their education toward National service. Thus the universities are not to be thought of as rivals, but as associates or colleagues in one large purpose. The presence of delegates from other universities in America, France, England, and Scotland was a token of unity in educational and cultural effort. President Lowell, of Harvard, declared: "Universities have outlived every form of government, every change of tradition, of law and of scientific thought, because they minister to one of man's undying needs." President Hadley, in introducing his successor, pointed out that "the whole system of education is changing. New and vastly multiplied demands are made upon our teaching force. It is no longer enough to train individuals. We must do our part in so educating the Nation as a whole that its members may be efficient in their several callings, and may at the same time be animated by those ideals which make for unselfish conduct, for social order, and for the spiritual development of the commonwealth."

PORTRAIT OF LORD JEFFERY AMHERST PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE AT COMMENCEMENT

President Angell interpreted the idea of National service practically when he insisted that Yale must be as much a part of the National system of education as any State university and must bear her part in solving the problems which this circumstance involves. Dr. Angell's entire address was marked by definiteness and concreteness. He pointed out the difficulties under which colleges and schools have labored under war and after-the-war conditions and the present lack of first-class teaching material, and denied that "our people will ever knowingly consent that training for the higher intellectual achievements, whether in commerce, industry, the professions, or statecraft, shall be choked by mediocrity and inefficiency at the source." Therefore he urged better salaries, better conditions of work, the extension of research, more generous recognition of the scholar's function.

In all ways President Angell has shown Yale men that he combines happily the love of culture and scholarship with the practical qualities of a strong administrator. That is what Professor William Lyons Phelps had in mind when he said that Dr. Angell, "instead

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of being a Yale man, has spent his life preparing to be one."

JOHN BULL CASTS BREAD UPON THE WATERS

An American has won the British open golf championship. It is true that we had to borrow a native son of St. Andrew's to do the task, but it has been accomplished none the less. Great Britain sent us some years ago Jock Hutchison, who served as a caddie on the famous Scottish links and thereafter became a professional in America. He became an American citizen, and with a group of other professionals journeyed to Scotland in search of the real crown of the golfing world. Others of his team-mates—Carrigan, Barnes, Hagen—also finished well up in the British open championship. Hutchison tied for first place with Wethered, the Oxford amateur, but defeated him decisively in the play-off. In winning the title Hutchison broke the record for the St. Andrew's course for championship play. For eight consecutive rounds Hutchison had an average of a fraction over seventy-four strokes, a phenomenal exhibit of consistent brilliancy.

It is reported that Hutchison's victory was very popular in Scotland.

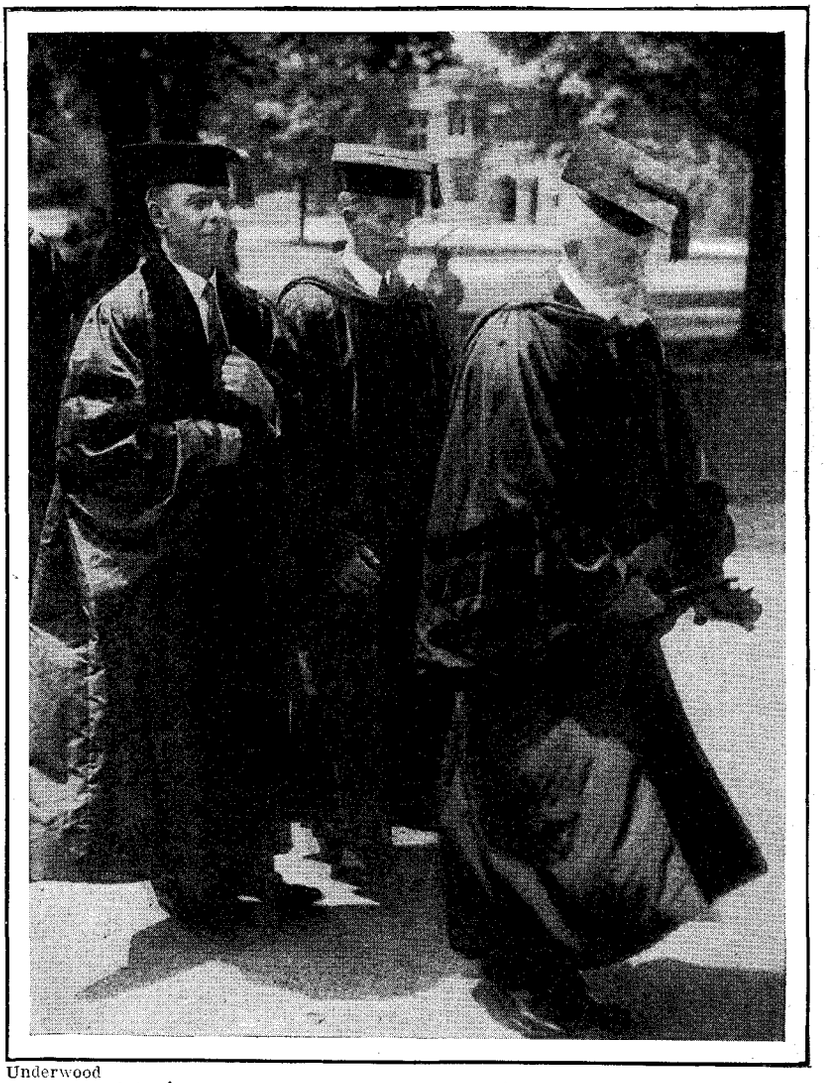
Only once before has the trophy emblematic of the British open golf championship left the shores of Great Britain. On that occasion it was carried away for a temporary sojourn in France. So far as open championships in this present year are concerned, honors are easy between Great Britain and America, for an Englishman holds the American trophy and now an American holds the British.

ANOTHER BRITISH TROPHY AND CERTAIN OF THE DOMESTIC VARIETY

Great Britain not only lost her open golf championship, but in the same week the international polo trophy, which she has held since the last contest before the war, also was won by an American team. In two straight games and by decisive scores the American four accomplished this task. A third and exhibition game between the same contending teams also went to the American players by a one-sided score.

The close of the college year brings with it the climax of the rowing season. In the East the two great events are the regatta on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie and the contest between Yale and Harvard on the Thames at New London. This year the Poughkeepsie regatta included among the contestants a remarkably fine crew from the University of California, a crew which was forced, however, to yield first place to that of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. California took second honors.

On the Thames it was Yale's turn to triumph, a triumph which was particularly grateful to her sons, for the crew from New Haven broke with its English coach a very short while before the race, and the overcoming of the handicap which resulted from this discord was a matter of rejoicing at New Haven. Although the Poughkeepsie race is certainly a more important event than the race on the Thames so far as National public interest is concerned, the race between Yale and Harvard, no matter what the quality of their crews may be, still remains the greatest rowing spectacle of the year.



Underwood

YALE'S NEW PRESIDENT AT PRINCETON'S COMMENCEMENT

In front, Colonel W. M. Libbey, acting as Marshal of the procession; directly behind him, at the extreme left, Dr. James Rowland Angell, President of Yale (who received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Princeton, later receiving the same degree from Harvard), and in the center, Dr. John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton

THE INCREASINGLY INTERESTING JAPANESE

The visit of a delegation from the Japanese Diet to this country not only furnishes an occasion for friendly greetings to a neighbor, but calls attention to the present condition of that parliament.

The Imperial Diet consists of an upper and a lower house. They meet annually. The membership of the upper house is made up of:

(1) Princes and marquises twenty-five years of age or over.
(2) A certain number of elected counts, viscounts, and barons.
(3) Persons not peers, but who have rendered great public service, nominated by the Emperor.
(4) Persons over thirty years old who are among the largest taxpayers, elected by the taxpayers.

The lower house consists of members elected by male citizens who are twenty-five years old or more, who have lived a year in the voting district, and who pay three yen (about $1.50) in direct taxes. Deputies must be at least thirty years old and Japanese subjects.

The recent trend in the Japanese Parliament has been distinctly towards democracy. The struggle has been to secure proper party government and to make the Ministers responsible to the

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Underwood

MEMBERS OF JAPANESE DIET VISITING AMERICA

Nine members of the Japanese House of Representatives, accompanied by two secretaries, are making an extensive tour in America. The photograph shows the party arriving at San Francisco

Diet. The present Prime Minister, Kei Hara, is the head of the Seiyukai, the "Political Friends Party." The principal Opposition party is the Kenseikai, or the "Constitutional Political Party." These rivals are similar to our Democratic and Republican parties. The Kenseikai is headed by Viscount Kato, a former Cabinet member. The two parties have been pronounced in their opinions, not only on domestic, but especially on foreign policies.

Again, with regard to the withdrawal of Japan both from the Chinese province of Shantung and from the Russian Far Eastern provinces, as well as with regard to Japan's relations to the Pacific coast land laws, the Opposition in the Diet has endeavored to make its views, wherever possible, divergent from the Government's. Of all these subjects, the one which most nearly concerns us in America is the agreement negotiated by our late Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Morris, and the present Japanese Ambassador to this country, Baron Shidehara. Taking this as a basis, Secretary Hughes is, we understand, broadening and deepening it, doubtless also taking into consideration our attitude on the internationalization of the cable communications in the island of Yap, now assigned to Japan.

"THE BLUE BIRD" IN PEKING

THE Chinese are a very dramatic people. For centuries one of their chief sources of amusement and instruction has been the traveling theatrical troupe playing either on the permanent open-air stage found in the courtyard of many large temples or on their own portable stage erected with bamboo poles which they carry with them.

It long has been a mooted question whether Western plays could be adapted to China; the doubt has been dispelled not a little by a recent and very successful presentation of "The Blue Bird" by the students of Yenching College, the Women's College of Peking University. The play was given in behalf of the Famine Relief, and received the warmest and most spontaneous welcome yet granted to any play from the West. Two performances were given to large audiences composed of Chinese and foreigners living in Peking. The occasion was made brilliant by the picturesque costumes and ornate head-dresses worn by the Mandarin ladies, most of whom were seeing for the first time a foreign play which had scenery and in which Chinese young women modestly and graciously took their parts.

Among Chinese students there is a very natural, almost instinctive, sense of the dramatic, which makes it easy for them to interpret their parts with much intelligence, grace, self-confidence, and poise. Usually the Chinese theater does not depend on scenery at all In this presentation of "The Blue Bird" simple scenery was used which, with costumes and "properties," was cleverly adapted to expressing through the medium of Chinese the beautiful symbolism of the play from the West.

The play was translated into Chinese from the English version by Miss Ruth Cheng, a graduate of Yenching College who later completed her advanced work in England. With rare simplicity and feeling, the spirit and charm of the original have been preserved in the translation. It is believed by the well-informed on the subject that the translator has made a very real contribution to modern literature in China.

The morning after the play a critic in the Peking "Morning Post" said: "This play is a great success. Western plays in China have just begun their vogue, and Yenching College has given such a remarkable performance that it is a glorious beginning to the introduction of Western drama. Apart from the thanks we owe these students for their

CHINESE COLLEGE GIRLS ACT "THE BLUE BIRD" IN PEKING

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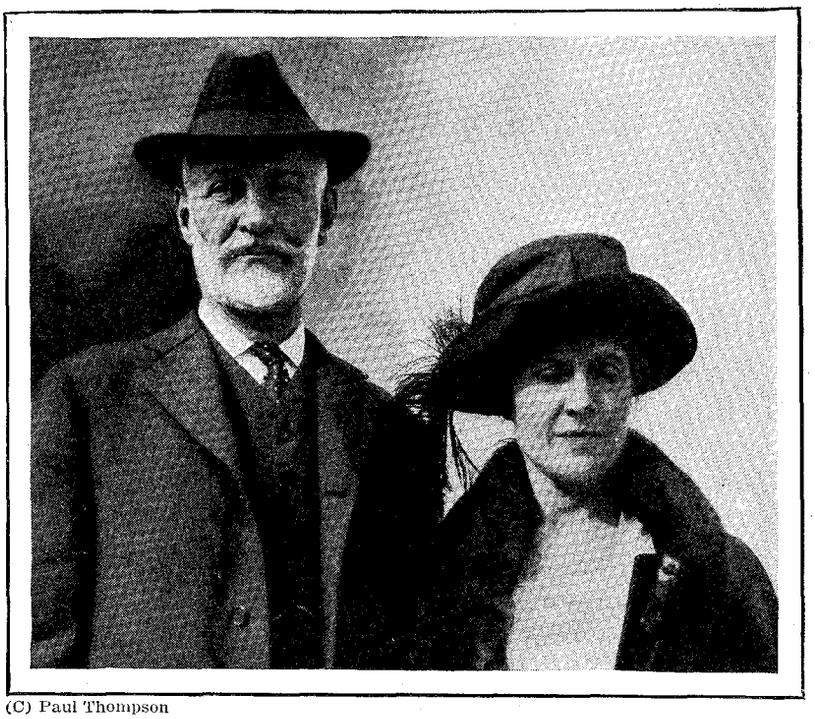
efforts in behalf of the famine, it seems we ought to thank them also for their contribution to art."

"HIGHLY IMPROPER!"

SECRETARY DENBY has administered the expected public reprimand to Admiral Sims for his "highly improper" conduct and the Admiral has accepted the reproof in good part, with the remark, "I did not know my speech was loaded as much as it was." We all know now that it is not etiquette for a distinguished officer who has done service of the first order for America and England against a common foe to speak in public with scorn of "people who are now trying to destroy the good relations between our two countries," or to make any comparisons in which horses and jackasses figure, or to hope that some time an inter-English-speaking policy may bring peace and prosperity to the world. Those who think that discipline is higher than patriotism and that blood-brothership in race and shoulder-to-shoulder fighting in the trenches confer no privilege of hearty friendliness are now satisfied. Those who think that Secretary Denby might have approached the matter with more regard for the dignity and respect due a great war leader are almost inclined to thank the Department for giving them a chance to re-read these delightfully improper and stirringly patriotic words again. Officially we must deplore, but as Americans without hyphens we admire.

In fact, we wish that the Secretary had quoted a little more fully than he did from Admiral Sims's talk. If he had, it would have been evident that its tenor was not in the least to express an opinion about British questions—such as how Ireland should be treated. It was to express wrath and contempt for those who traitorously dealt blows from behind when England and America were fighting a common foe and who later have tried to sow dissension between the two countries. Sir Roger Casement at least risked his neck—and lost it; but others saved their skins but were as openly pro-German as they dared be. In his book "The Victory at Sea" Admiral Sims said: "The fact is, that part of Ireland in which the Americans were stationed was a headquarters of the Sinn Fein. The members of this organization were not only openly disloyal; they were openly pro-German. They were not even neutral; they were working day and night for a German victory, for in their misguided minds a German victory signified an Irish Republic."

It was that sort of thing that Admiral Sims had in mind when in his recent speech he spoke of anti-British agitators who are "Americans when they want money but Sinn Feiners when they are on the platform." Whether Ireland shall be a republic, or a dominion, or two dominions, is a perfectly fair question, but those who would involve America in aid of a campaign of assassination are something a good deal more than "indiscreet."



(C) Paul Thompson

ADMIRAL AND MRS. SIMS ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

THE HOUSE THAT SMILED

"THERE are certain thoroughfares," the Young-Old Philosopher said, "which seem to me like rainy days. They are dark and damp and filled with gloom. One never sees a face in the windows, and the shadows fall heavily—the sunlight never quite peers down on the pavement. There is a sense of perpetual darkness. Warehouses are on such streets, with great iron shutters and bolted doors, and one could readily imagine a hold-up here—a sinister figure leaping from an alley on an unsuspecting passer-by.

"The curious thing is that such streets are invariably contiguous to pleasant, sunny avenues—just a stone's throw from a park, let us say; and when I go through them I think of certain people of my acquaintance who never by any chance permit themselves to smile, though their neighbors are forever beaming—like the avenue not far away.

"Inanimate objects have always seemed animate to me. Houses are individuals; barns are lonely old women with red hoods over their heads; and if a prim row of brick edifices doesn't remind you of quiet little ladies gossiping in the sun or a platoon of smart soldiers at drill, then you have missed half the fun of life.

"Now, a building can be made to smile just as definitely as a person. You don't believe me? Then walk through a street I know, and I will show you one dwelling that is as stern and forbidding, as bleak and as sober, as the most serious footman who ever foolishly got himself up in a somber livery and thought he was something—or somebody. Its windows are like sealed eyes without lashes. The iron railing in front of it reminds me of a barbaric piece of armor, defying the world to penetrate it. The door is barred all day, and the shades and shutters are drawn in funereal fashion, like thick colored spectacles that conceal the expression of the eyes. One thinks of hideous secrets when he passes such a structure; of a character like Eugene Aram, and the dread he knew.

"Next door to it, brushing elbows with it, is a trim, gay little abode; yet it is built of the same material, is just as narrow, just as tall, exactly duplicating the other in every line. Yet it laughs all day. For at every window-sill there is a box of bright flowers; and just beyond the brilliant curtains of chintz one can sense, if he cannot see, the warm hearth fire, the rows of books, deep armchairs, gleaming candles, and silver-haired old ladies and gentlemen and young and happy folk, all as radiant within as their house is without. The tiny brick walk leading to the gate

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is clean and spruce, and the knocker on the door cries out to you to lift it. The mat has 'Welcome' upon it—and means it; and when a rosy-cheeked maid comes out to get the letters that the postman leaves—and oh, how many he always has for No. 18!—she smiles in that way which makes you know there is a garden behind the house, for all its hedged-in situation. Peace broods over it, and the birds swarm to the basin that a kind hand has placed near the pergola, and an old tree peeps in at the back windows every morning to make sure that all is well with the friendly, lovable people who dwell in such serenity and joy.

"Why is it that this house can smile, and the other cannot? Both are occupied. Both know the sound of human footsteps. Then why is one dead, and the other valiantly and gloriously alive? It is because a house takes on something of the spirit and heart and soul of those who dwell beneath its roof. If there are warmth and light in the eyes of the owners, there are bound to be warmth and light in the fireplace. Even on rainy days my cozy little No. 18 is full of sunlight, for it has soaked so much away, stored so much in its corners, that the gloomiest weather cannot rob it of its hoard.

"There are people just like those houses. But it is curious to note one interesting fact: For all its solemn, dim aristocracy, no other house in the row seems to wish to emulate No. 16. A bay-window on the other side is forever looking over enviously at tiny No. 18, as much as to say, 'As soon as I can, I'm going to be like *you!*' And in a short while there will be so many happy imitators of the loveliness of my favorite that No. 16 will topple over and die of shame. And I, for one, will help to carry her shell away; for she is like a grouch at a party—a stiff-necked, sour-visaged old miser who couldn't smile if she wanted to, poor soul!"

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

SEA power is power to control in times of crisis the international highways of the world. It was Britain's sea power, supplemented by that of France and Italy, and finally increased by the United States Navy, that made it possible for the Allies to win the World War. By commanding the highways of the sea a nation may command the access of other nations to the sources of prosperity and even life. It is therefore of the highest importance that any arrangement between nations which involves sea power should be made in the interests of the whole world.

In the Western Hemisphere the greatest sea power is that of Great Britain. In the Eastern Hemisphere the greatest sea power is that of Japan. America lies between these two nations. Without any hint of suspicion, it is right for America to be concerned with any arrangement between her neighbors Great Britain and Japan.

Twenty years ago the British thought they detected a desire on the part of Russia for India. To check it, Great Britain made an Alliance with Japan. Japan had just thrashed China, and a few years afterwards won the war with Russia. Japan was evidently a rising Oriental Power.

Ten years ago the Alliance was renewed for a ten-year period. It expires the middle of this month.

Elsewhere in this issue Sydney Greenbie, in special correspondence to The Outlook, gives some reasons for believing that this Alliance is no longer necessary for the welfare of the world.

Opposition to it does not come alone from other nations. There is opposition in the British Dominions. Many loyal subjects of the British Empire feel very strongly that the interests of the British Dominions are so closely identified with the interests of the United States that any alliance, such as the Anglo-Japanese, which seems to ignore those interests is not to the advantage of the British Empire. As originally agreed to, this Alliance obliged Great Britain to support Japan in any war with any Power (tacitly inclusive of the United States) which might seem to be the aggressor. When the Alliance was renewed, it was changed by the addition of a provision, introduced by Great Britain and accepted by Japan, to the effect that nothing in the Alliance should oblige either contracting party to go to war with any Power with which it had a treaty of arbitration. Inasmuch as Great Britain in the mean time has made a treaty with the United States by which the two Powers agree to refer disputes to an arbitral court, the Anglo-Japanese treaty cannot be in any sense regarded as hostile to America. Nevertheless the opposition within the British Empire to the Alliance persists. The representatives of the Dominions are urgent in favor of a clause distinctly mentioning America and exempting Great Britain from aiding Japan against America in any possible hostilities.

That such a clause would seem to be unnecessary makes it all the more apparent that the point of view of the British Dominions with respect to Japan and Far Eastern questions is very much like that of the United States.

The fact is that the opposition to the Alliance lies not so much in a fear of what may happen in case of future hostilities as in the suspicion that the Alliance may prove to be a screen for policies in the Far East that do not have the approval of the English-speaking peoples of the Western Hemisphere.

Americans, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders think very much alike on certain great international policies. They do not like methods which nations in the past have used to further their special interests at the expense of weaker peoples. For example, they do not like the drastic way with which Japan some time ago imposed upon China her famous Twenty-one Points. They find that that method is quite inconsistent with the sort of policy that was pursued by John Hay. When in 1900 China lay prostrate, John Hay, alone of foreign secretaries, showed himself her friend. He openly insisted upon China's administrative, commercial, and territorial integrity and independence. Now, though not so prostrate, China is really more than ever under the influence of Japan. Russia too is now open as never before to Japan's intelligent and shrewd advances. It is right that Japan should look to the East for her trade and for such expansion as she may legitimately make; but there is a general feeling among the English-speaking peoples of the New World that some of Japan's relations with China and Russia are not the sort that they can indorse. Some of Japan's doings in the Far East have been at least winked at by elements in Great Britain, but are none the less distasteful to the people of the Dominions and of the United States. The Indian part of the British Government, for example, has followed much the same course as Japan in permitting or encouraging the illicit opium traffic. It is such things as these, whether in accord with some elements in Great Britain or not, which the peoples of the New World believe should not be covered up, and which would not be covered up if it were not for the screen of the Alliance.

That the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is no longer needed as a measure of military defense seems clear from facts such as those which Mr. Greenbie in his Special Correspondence mentions. What good purpose can it serve? That is the question which has not yet been answered wholly to the satisfaction of the United States and a large part of the British Empire.

The most prominent field of development during the next quarter of a century is very likely to be the Far East. In that development three Powers will play the principal parts—Japan, Britain, and America. Can Britain do justice to her rôle if her hands are tied?

Certainly we do not wish to tie them

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to our own. We need no alliance with Great Britain, not even an agreement. Brothers do not need such things. But we do want the assurance that we are working for common purposes in the Far East, as elsewhere.

DID THE CONSORTIUM KILL THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE Dollar is in a dilemma. Europe is clamoring for his assistance; China is sending him an S.O.S. Both Europe and China have been committing suicide for several years. To whom shall the Dollar rush in rescue? And then, too, we have enough trouble of our own. Our farmers want money, and want it badly. Where is all this coming from? American financiers have it, in a sense, all their own way, and they are moving cautiously. For that reason they have been playing possum for a while in the case of China, telling her that they have plenty of place for their investments, and yet wisely holding up to Europe and America the great demand from China. Now this is going to be no revelation of the workings of frenzied finance. It is merely going to allude to certain factors at work to-day that may involve the average reader if he has dollars and cents to invest. He ought to know, for those dollars and cents, if they are going to go to China instead of Europe, are also going to decide largely whether the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is going to work or not, and whether Australia and New Zealand are going to remain a real part of the British Empire or not. Frightfully involved, this sounds, but extremely simple.

For the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, whose fate has been in the hands of the British Premiers who have been meeting at the Imperial Conference in London, was a scheme on the part of Great Britain to guarantee the security of her interests in China and India. Since it was first signed two Powers against whom it was formed have disappeared from the Far East—Russia and Germany. As a protective alliance there is no reason for its existence, except to guarantee Great Britain against Japan, and Japan against Great Britain. On the other hand, there is a reason for its non-existence, and that is that Canada, Australia, and New Zealand do not like the alliance. It threatens to undermine their anti-Asiatic policies. But as far as Britain's interests in China go, the Alliance was formed to guarantee the integrity of China and the Open Door. That is, that Japanese Yen and British Sovereign should have full freedom to go to China to earn a living. That was the sum and substance of the Alliance till Russia and Germany were eliminated.

But when I was in Australia and New Zealand I discovered that notwithstanding these facts they felt that, even with Germany and Russia eliminated from possible sources of conflict, there was still a disconcerting factor for them, and that factor was Japan. That was openly avowed and was the reason, largely, why Australia refused to usher in conscription—she wanted some of her men kept at home for use in self-defense if necessary. It seems they hadn't all the confidence in alliances that the undiplomatic are expected to have. And Australia looked to America, seeing that America also guaranteed, without an alliance, the integrity of China and the Open Door for her pet—the Dollar.

In the meantime the Yen was having it all his own way, because the Sovereign and the Franc and the Dollar were very busy doing things in Europe. And, in good Oriental fashion, the Yen was breeding and breeding rapidly. He was going to China by the million and was keeping China's interests and integrity, which all had guaranteed, in a very feverish state—notwithstanding that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had come into existence with an avowed purpose of maintaining China's interests and integrity. I cannot refer to China's Dollar, because not only is it a so-called "Mex-Dollar," but the whole currency of China needs such serious overhauling that it is somewhat unnamable. And so many Yen were coming in that the poor Chinese "Cash" was getting into worse and worse difficulties.

Now America, not believing in alliances, had an agreement with Japan known as the Root-Takahira Agreement, which, except for the fact that it made no promises to the effect, "My ally, right or wrong, but still my ally," was just like the Alliance. In other words, this agreement realized that an ally could be wrong, and it would not promise to fight for him if he was, and if any misunderstanding arose a talk might clear it up. Otherwise, it also guarantees to China her interests and her integrity. Hence it was an understanding with Japan that the American Dollar had as much right to earn a living in China as the Yen did.

This at bottom is what the whole Far Eastern problem is; and all the Powers now interested in China have guaranteed to her that the Open Door shall remain open and that no one will interfere with her internal affairs. With the exception of America, no one has ever lived up to this. England has a slice of China; France has; and Japan is aiming at the rest—virtually has it, in fact. Alliances and agreements notwithstanding, China's integrity is rapidly ceasing to be an integer.

Now if that were all there was to it, this article would end. But integers, like the atom, are not easily divided without creating something new. The atom becomes an electron; but the integer, when a nation, becomes a source of international conflict. Hence it is of the utmost importance that China remain an integer. Something must be done. That something has been done. Another agreement was arrived at, and it is known as the Consortium.

Now the Consortium Agreement, which was signed in New York in October last, was not an idealistic scheme. It simply saw that the future peace of the world depends on how the Powers manage their affairs in China. And those affairs could be managed only by co-operation. China wants money. The Consortium is a plan by which the bankers of the world—the British, French, American, and Japanese—shall pool their loans to China on a twenty-five per cent basis. They have agreed not to let a cent go to China except for reconstruction work that will actually develop the country, such as railways, highway construction, the straightening of rivers, the building or repairing of canals, and last but by no means least, the reorganization of China's currency system. First, last, and all the time, it guarantees the integrity of China and expresses sentiments that promise only the good of China. When, for more than a year, Japan refused to permit her bankers to enter the Consortium until the Powers assured her that Manchuria and Mongolia would be left out of Consortium projects for Japan and Japan alone to squeeze, the Powers refused to consent, as that sounded very much like smashing the integrity of China. Finally, Japan was given assurance that, in view of the fact that these two Chinese provinces were near her, she would be acknowledged as having certain special interests in them. And the matter was left hanging somewhat in the air. The Consortium was signed.

Well, if that were all there was to it, I would have to end here. But there are still a few little possibilities. However, if the Consortium throws secrecy to the winds and comes out openly and at all times for the principles on which it was formed and under which the several Governments have guaranteed to protect these several banking groups, what use is there going to be for the Alliance? None, so far as the interests of the world are concerned. And perhaps, to paraphrase President Wilson's remark about the freedom of the seas, Great Britain and Japan will have to say to the world: "Gentlemen, the joke's on us. If the Consortium works in China, there is no need of an alliance."

SYDNEY GREENBIE.

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IN MEMORY OF BRAVE-HEARTED AMERICANS

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

From J. Wade, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

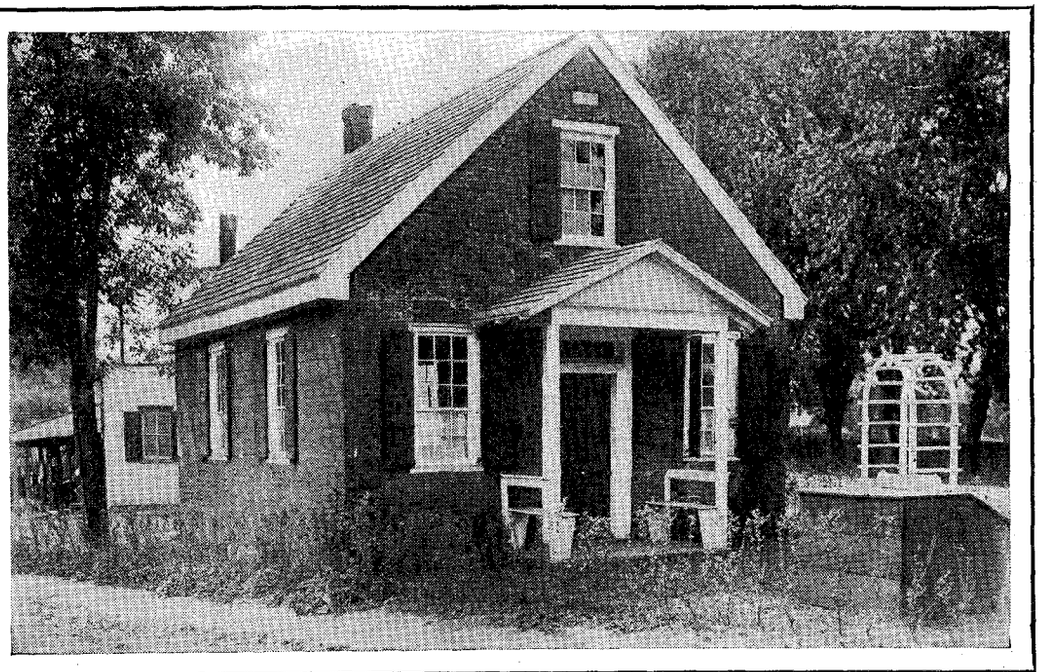
DECORATING THE GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON THE ISLAND OF ISLAY, NORTH OF SCOTLAND

These are soldiers who were drowned when the steamship Otranto was wrecked off this coast during the war, while on their way to France

CLARA BARTON

CLARA BARTON AND HER LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Below is the picture of the schoolhouse which Clara Barton, later founder of the American Red Cross, established as one of the first free public schools in New Jersey in 1853. The building has been restored, very much as it was when she taught there, by funds raised by New Jersey school-children. The building was dedicated as a public museum on June 11. It is situated at Bordentown, New Jersey



From J. G. Scholl, Pitman, N. J.

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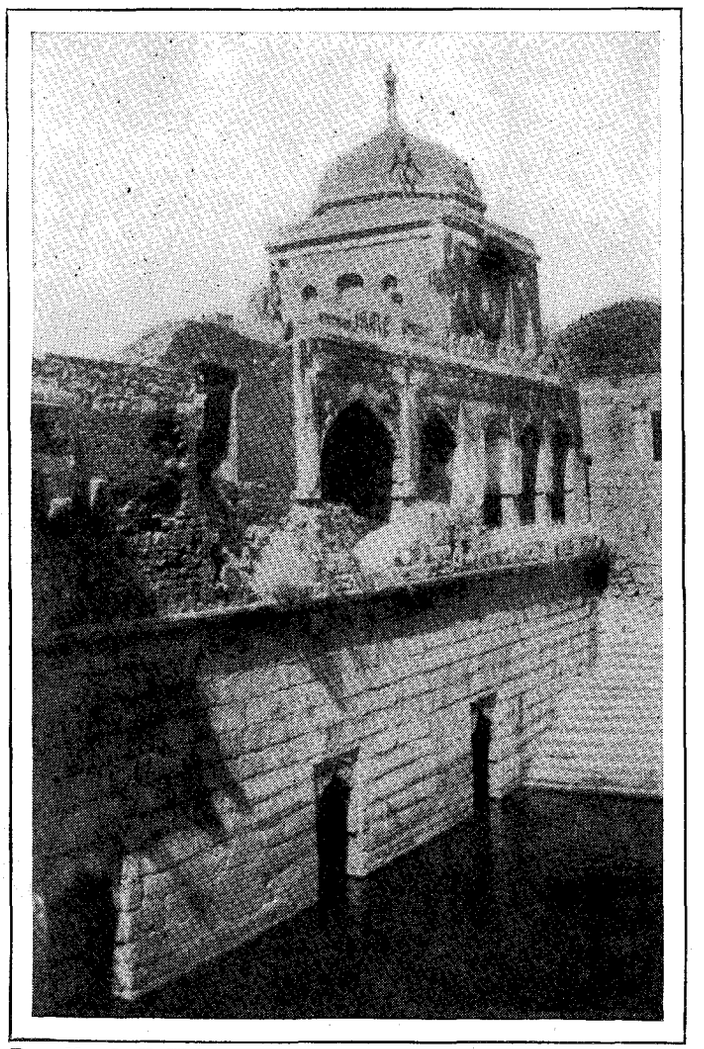
IN DISTANT INDIA

PICTURES FROM OUTLOOK READERS

HIGH DIVING IN OLD DELHI

Here is a scene in ancient Delhi, India, near the Kutub Minar. The men jump from the top of the tower, a distance of ninety-five feet, into about ten feet of water in the basin below. They do this for the sum of twenty-five cents (American money) and will do it over and over again. "We took them," says our informant, " 'on the jump.' They claim to be father and son. The father (just below the top) was on his way up from another jump; the son is standing at the top of the tower. The boy at the left—standing on the ruined wall—is taking lessons to be a jumper"



From Mrs. L. K. Walsh, San Anselmo, California

From G. M. Hawkins, Madison, Wisconsin

MARKET SCENE AT DARJEELING

Each vender brings his products in a square cloth, which he spreads for a display table and counter upon the ground, even though the merchandise may consist of sugar or rice and gathers dust and grit. It is difficult to obtain clean sugar in India, our informant states

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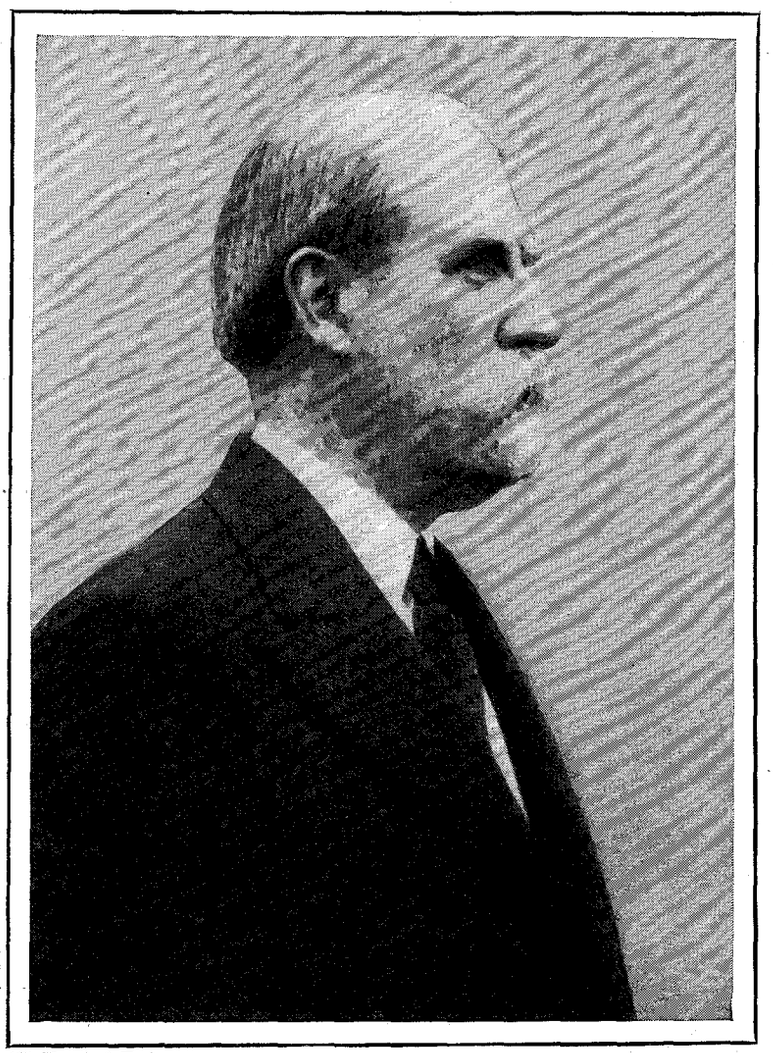
MR. HUGHES HUMANIZED

A STUDY OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

BY RICHARD BARRY



(C) Harris & Ewing

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES (A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH)

"The Secretary of State is fast becoming one of the most popular men in public life"

A CERTAIN professor once told me that if he ever were asked to write an article on "Why Hughes Lost the Presidency" he merely would relate an incident that occurred to him when he desired to utilize in his classroom part of an address Mr. Hughes had previously delivered.

He properly made written application to Mr. Hughes for permission to use the address. It was granted, but with the express proviso that it should be reproduced only in its entirety. The professor wanted only the half which was applicable to his work, and he pointed out that the newspapers had already printed parts of it, and that some of them had garbled the address. Mr. Hughes admitted this, but replied that the newspapers had done it without his permission, and that with his permission the address could not be used except *in toto*. Vainly the professor strove to convince the eminent statesman that he might unbend to his own advantage in this instance, for his words of wisdom, if used in part, could be widely spread, but if they must be used only with technical subjects malapropos to the professor's purpose they could not be used at all. However, Mr. Hughes had spoken, and there was no appeal.

That, said the professor, illustrates how he lost the Presidency. The Medes and the Persians had their laws and so had Charles E. Hughes. He crossed every "t" and he dotted every "i" and he departed not one jot or tittle from a prearranged plan as conceived originally by himself in the seclusion of his own study.

This was only too true—mark, however, the *was*. Well is remembered the California incident of 1916. In his swing around the circle the National Committee had planned for Mr. Hughes to visit California and speak there. However, as he approached the Golden State arose loud cries of a violent factional disturbance. Canny politicians, wise and disinterested strategists, hastened to the candidate, urging him to avoid the hotbed of Republican schism.

All argument was wasted, all protest futile. Mr. Hughes was proceeding on the theory of the German army—that the general staff had plotted and planned everything and that he had to act only according to schedule to be in Paris (or Washington) at the appointed time. They had taken everything into consideration except the imponderables, and the imponderables whipped him. California, by little over a thousand votes, kept him out of the White House.

That *was* Mr. Hughes. But not in 1921.

The Secretary of State to-day is not the same individual, except in name and pedigree and record, as he who was once Governor of the State of New York, later Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and later defeated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Washington, to-day, is enjoying a new Mr. Hughes. The old austerity is gone. Was defeat the humanizing process which has added to this distinguished individuality the one element it required to be well rounded?

The fact remains that the Secretary of State is fast becoming one of the most popular men in public life. One meets him on the streets, in the clubs, proceeding briskly from the State Department to the White House across the street, but always smiling and always radiating an abundant energy. It seems as though a second youth had come to him, one of vivacity and good feeling.

Health is doubtless at the bottom of this, for the Secretary appears to be in as good trim as a pugilist about to enter a championship contest, and evidently he knows how to maintain his physical condition and is doing so, but without any visible effort.

Other things also are at work. There can be no doubt that Mr. Hughes is very happy in his appointment, happy to be back in official Washington. It may be that there is some balm in the reflection that four years of practice of the law in New York has placed him in an independent position financially. If he has any ambitions for the future, naturally he keeps them to himself, although a man just entering his sixtieth year need not resign all hopes of the Presidency.

All that the observer can see is that he is playing good ball, a snappy, fast game, but with a courtesy and geniality that endear him to every one. He is rapidly chucking needless formality out of the windows of the State Department. In most of his notes to Germany and in

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most of those to Japan he didn't avail himself of the customary time which diplomatic usage allowed him for the proper answer. He just tossed the answers off hastily, like any business man in the course of the day's work.

This unwonted celerity has given a slight wedge to unkind critics, and it has been asserted, even in print, that Mr. Hughes has taken the bit of foreign affairs in his teeth and is running away with it. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Aside from his personal esteem for the President, Mr. Hughes has a most delicate appreciation of the exact limitations of his office, both in law and in custom. He has not stepped a hair's breadth over the line of propriety, and, even if he disagreed with the President, which has not yet occurred, it is practically certain that he would not bring that disagreement to an issue.

The change in the Hughes psychology is most readily observed in his contacts with newspaper men. Some wag has said that now when he sees a newspaper man in the White House with a lawyer in his proper place as adviser he at last perceives the true merit of the press. It is more likely that political defeat, combined with reflection and financial independence, has broadened his view-point.

In any event, his old manner toward the press is gone. In those days he looked upon newspaper men as a cross between public nuisances and unapprehended criminals. Now his attitude toward them is patriarchal when they need it and brotherly when they deserve it. In his daily talks with the Washington correspondents one feels that he appreciates their responsibilities, respects their intelligence, recognizes their function, and is willing patiently to become their teacher.

Which is as it should be, but which is not what it always has been.

The result is that on every hand one hears: "Nobody like him in the State Department since John Hay." He does not delay, he does not evade, he does not condescend, he does not orate, and, so far as one can see, he does not play politics, certainly not in the old-fashioned, petty sense. He found a terrific mess; he is grappling with it like a strong man unafraid, and he is in mighty good humor about it.

THE QUATRE-BRAS OF THE WORLD'S WATERLOO

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

A CITY missionary found a lone woman in a little room in a narrow, ill-smelling street, took pity on her condition, and with great difficulty found a place for her in the outskirts of a village where was abundant employment for a skillful washerwoman. Two weeks later, making his rounds, he found Bridget back in her solitary chamber. "How is this?" he asked her, and received for reply, "Folks is better than shtoomps." She was right. Folks *is* better than shtoomps. Ever since man and woman discovered that simple truth they have gathered in villages, towns, and cities. So long as they believe that truth they will continue to gather in villages, towns, and cities. The boys will leave the farms for the towns. The mothers and sisters will want to follow them. For every Thoreau who wishes to live in the woods there are, and always will be, thousands who, like Charles Lamb, will wish to live in the city. The call is equally irresistible to the ignorant and to the scholar, to the sinner and to the saint.

Responding to this call we always have found and always will find the best and the worst of men flocking to the cities; the bigger and more bustling the city, the more it attracts. Here are the great criminals and the men of wealth on whom they prey; the self-indulgent idlers and the great captains of industry; seductive invitations to vice and open doors of opportunity for service; the great libraries, the great concert halls, the great schools and universities, the great lecture halls, the great churches, the great preachers, and here the dance halls, the saloons, the gambling hells, the houses of vice; and here is the drama at its best and its worst.

The city is always a type of the community in which it is situated. London reflects England, Paris reflects France, Berlin reflects Germany, Rome reflects the two Italys, the ecclesiastical and the political. So, in this country, Boston, despite its Irish population, reflects New England; New York, the Atlantic coast; Chicago, the Middle West; Los Angeles and San Francisco, the two Californias. If we could imagine New York and Chicago changing places, in a decade, certainly in a generation, each would be a changed city.

Therefore the city records the dominating tendencies in the community both for good and for evil. Decaying cities mean a decaying state. Developing cities mean a developing state. The city is a barometer and registers the climate. Catholic Rome bore witness to the emergence of Italy from the paganism of the Cæsars. The city is set upon a hill and cannot be hid. By its prominence it proclaims to all mankind the virtues and the vices of the community. For the community makes it what it is, and it in turn makes the community.

When I came to New York City nearly three-quarters of a century ago, the growing residential region was from Houston to Fourteenth Street. When about that time my uncle Gorham Abbott left his brother's school in Houston Street and established the Spingler Institute in Union Square, he was criticised for going so far uptown by conservatives, who were quite sure that his pupils would never follow him to these northern limits of good society. Even some years later what is now Central Park was a rocky wild given over to the huts of squatters, whose hordes of dogs made crossing that region after dark a disagreeable and even a somewhat perilous enterprise.

At that time the fire companies were volunteer organizations which bitterly resented and vigorously resisted the organization of a paid fire department to be always ready for a call. Occasionally these rival companies stopped on their way to a fire and fought a street battle to determine which should have precedence on the highway. The police, if I remember aright, were not uniformed; and the police protection was so inadequate that for a time the control of the police was transferred from the City Hall to the Capitol at Albany. The simplest sanitary regulations which herding of a great miscellaneous population always makes necessary had not yet been discovered. Dogs roamed the streets as freely as they did till recently in Constantinople, though not, as there, in herds; cows were stabled in the city and fed on swill from the houses or refuse from the distilleries; none of the streets were kept very clean and some of them were hardly cleaned at all; cases of cholera occurred every summer and an epidemic of cholera was expected every two or three years. The cleaning out of the squatters from the region now devoted to Central Park was accomplished with difficulty; the spending of money in the construction of the park was bitterly resented as a waste of the city's funds, since only the rich would ever use it; and the organization of a paid fire department, the uniforming of the police, the banishing of loose dogs from the streets, the removal of the cows and their sheds from the city limits, and the sanitary regulations required for the city's health were all accomplished by resolute reformers only after a fierce battle in each case with the defenders of so-called vested rights. Leave a great public wrong undisturbed long enough and it becomes a vested right.

The climax of this corruption of the city government was reached under the Tweed Ring some years later. The city government and the courts were corrupted by it, and the foul and fatal control was extending to Albany. Happily, there were brave men who dared hazard their peace and their good name, if not their lives, in furnishing an answer to Tweed's question, What are you going to do about it? They finally put him

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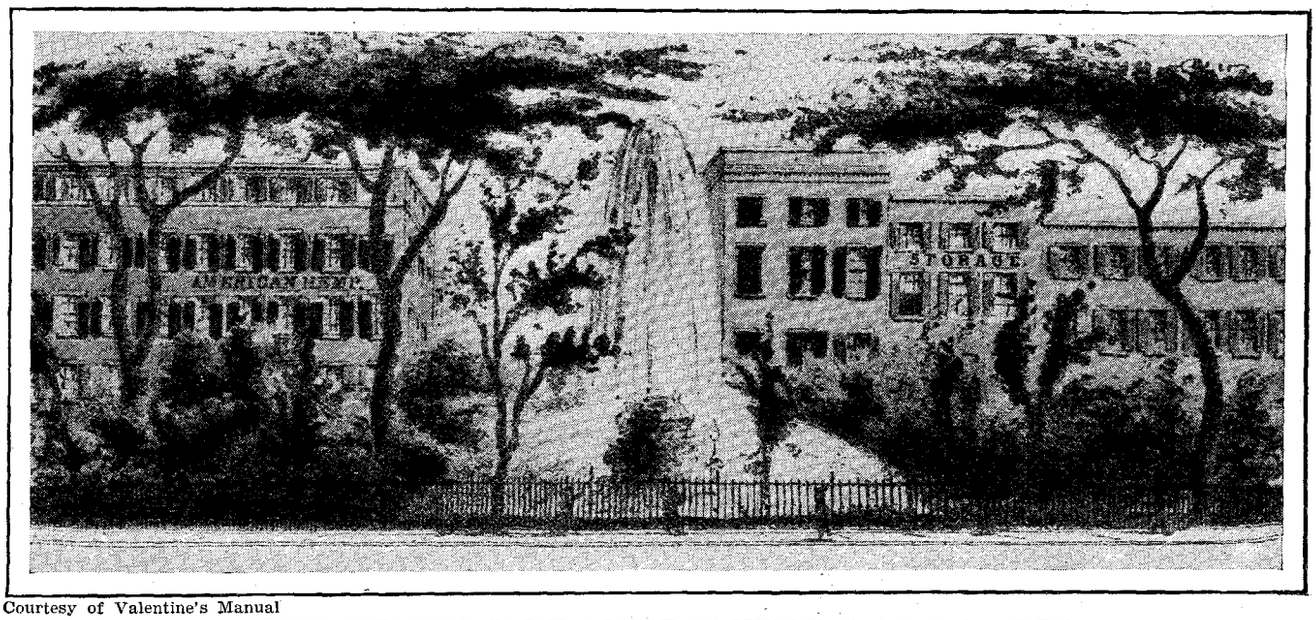
behind prison bars and made impossible the repetition of so gross and audacious a robbery by any future ring.

There is a great deal of not unjust complaint of our city governments, and the municipal experience of our great cities justifies the statement that the city government is the most difficult problem which to-day confronts democracy. But if the test of government is a contented and prosperous population under its control, it cannot be said with justice that New York City is the worst-governed city in the world. At least there is no present indication that German critics have any great desire to return to Berlin, or Irish critics to Cork or Dublin; and when our Government provides free passage across the ocean for Russian assailants of the Government of this their adopted land to return to the land of their nativity, there are not heard from them those expressions of gratitude which might reasonably be expected from them. Our city government is in our own hands. It is as good as we deserve, for it is as good as we care to make it. It is an old saying that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and if we do not care to pay the price we have no reason to complain if we do not get the coveted article.

Law may measurably protect the prudent from criminals, but it is never an adequate protection of the ignorant, the innocent, and the weak from the enticements of vice. Whether there is less or more vice in New York City than there was three-quarters of a century ago I cannot say, but it is certainly less ostentatiously offensive. Then it was not safe for any woman to go out unattended in the streets of the city after nightfall. Women were generally not admitted to the theaters without a male escort, except that in many, I believe most, of the theaters the upper gallery was reserved as a hunting-ground where women of the town might look for their prey. Whether there was more gambling then than now I do not know, as I have no means of knowing how much there was then or is now. But saloons of every description, from the highest class of bar to the lowest-class dive, were run without any regulation that was apparent to the inexpert observer. Drunken women were practically never seen upon the streets, as they still are in parts of London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh, but gentlemen the worse for liquor, though unusual, were not unknown in our public vehicles or on the sidewalks in our best streets. On New Year's Day, which in accordance with an ancient Dutch custom was devoted to social calls by the gentlemen, tipsy men were so frequently to be met with, not only on the streets but in the hospitable parlors of the best society, that the festival use of the day was finally abandoned by common consent. Whether National prohibition is the best method of meeting the evils of the drink traffic I am myself not clear. But that it has been adopted by so large a vote and accepted with so little opposition at least indicates that a very large number of persons who think it quite harmless to drink a glass of beer or wine with their meals have without reluctance given up that pleasure in order to give the experiment of National total abstinence a fair trial. It is quite certain that drunkenness is no longer the common American vice it was a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. And a hundred years ago it was not as bad in New York as it was in the eighteenth century in London, where, the historian tells us, signs might be seen on some of the liquor shops: "Drunk for a penny; with straw to lie on, twopence."

New York in the last seventy years has shared in the general enlargement of popular education which has characterized the Republic. In 1850 there was in all Europe no public school system outside of Germany and perhaps one or two of the Scandinavian states. In the United States it existed in only half of the country. Slavery and public education do not go well together. I do not think there were either normal schools or high schools in the city. There was no industrial education. My impression is that the school for girls established by my father and his brothers in 1844 or '45 was the first school in the city for the higher and broader education of girls, though there were perhaps one or more Roman Catholic convent schools. There were in the city the three colleges—the New York University, Columbia College, and the City College. But these institutions, which had hundreds of pupils then, have thousands now. The public school was still in the experimental stage. The question whether education should be furnished to all free by the State, or by the churches and by private enterprise to such as were able to pay for it, was still a hotly debated question, and Archbishop Hughes earned a deserved unpopularity in most Protestant circles by his vigorous attack upon the Public School System.

Then the schools largely and colleges almost exclusively existed to prepare men for the three learned professions—law, medicine, and the ministry. I do not think there was in either of the colleges a gymnasium or a laboratory for the students, either physical or chemical. I know there was none in my college, the New York University. Now every vocation is a learned profession; men are as well educated for banking or commerce as for the bar or the pulpit. Barnard College furnishes to women an equipment and a faculty not inferior to that furnished by Columbia to men. The training schools for teachers of the city are supplemented by the Teachers College of Columbia and the School of Pedagogy of the New York University. The high schools give ap-



Courtesy of Valentine's Manual

LOWER NEW YORK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Bowling Green in 1848. The iron railing, still in use, came from England in 1771

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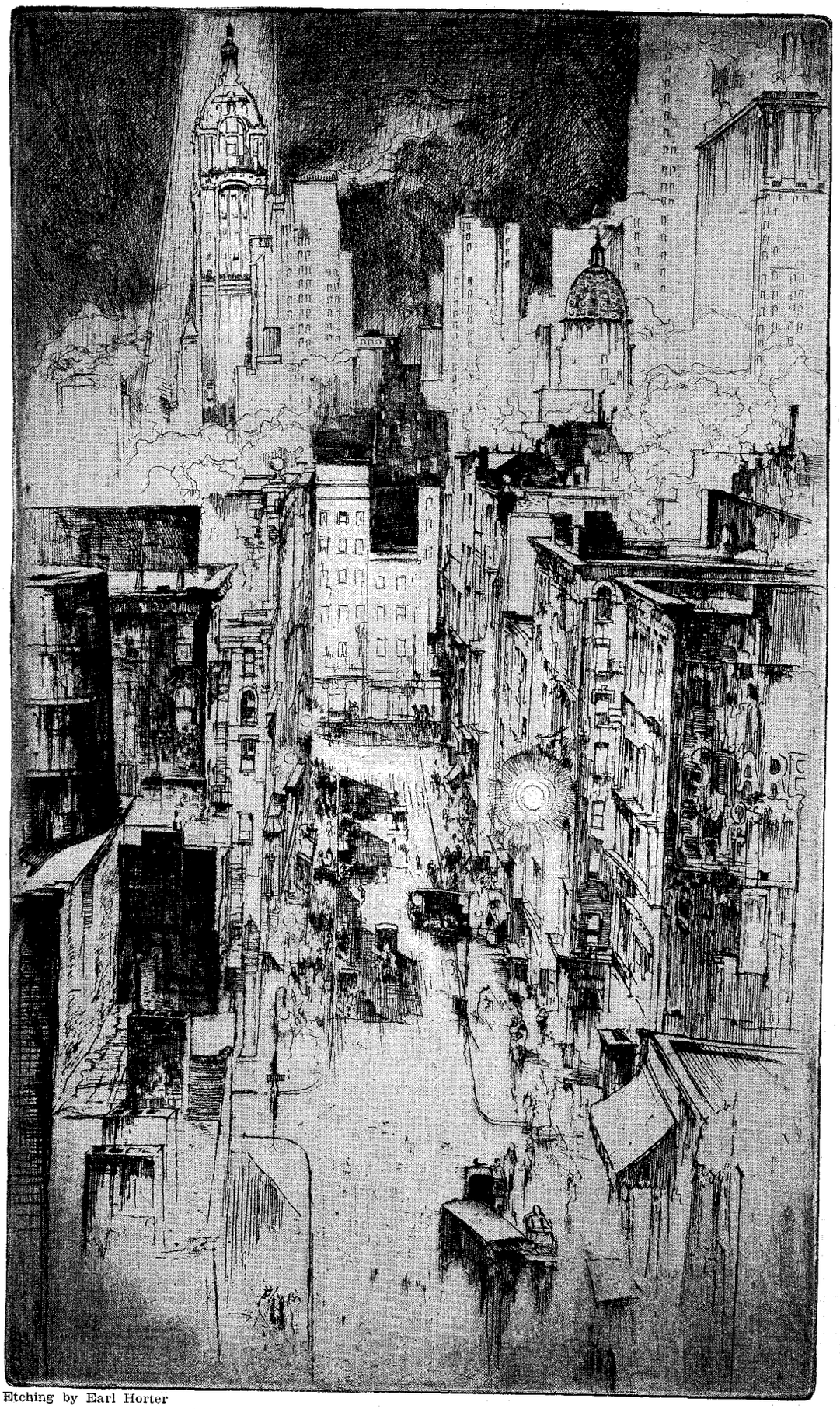

Etching by Earl Horter

LOWER NEW YORK SEVENTY YEARS AFTER

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proximately as thorough an education as was given in the first two years of my college course. And the public school system is so firmly rooted in the public esteem that nothing but the grossest mismanagement or some radical revolution can ever overthrow it.

The difference between the incidental institutions of culture, such as the libraries, art galleries, concert halls, and museums, is illustrated by the difference between Barnum's American Museum, with its "woolly horse" and its "Japanese mermaid," and the Metropolitan Museum and the Natural History Museum in Central Park, each of which is worthy to be described as one of the great museums of the world. The recently created "Town Hall" is itself a testimony to the determination of the American people to maintain the right of free assembly and an open public discussion of all questions which concern the community's welfare. When a group of would-be advocates of Ireland's independence gather in a meeting to howl down a speaker who does not agree with them, they are quite unwittingly furnishing to the American people a stronger argument against Irish independence than any which its most intense opponent could possibly offer.

Is the religious life of the community waning? Are the institutions of religion losing their usefulness? If so, one who regards, as I do, religion as the life-blood of the community will regard the loss as incalculable.

It is said that people do not go to church as much as they did seventy years ago. That is probably true. But the churches are going to the people much more. Then the churches were worshiping assemblies which met on one day in each week to unite in prayer and praise and to listen to sermons. There were few or no mission chapels or mission Sunday schools, no parish houses, no men's clubs, no church forums, no social settlements, no gymnasiums for boys, no sewing or cooking schools for girls. There were weekly meetings for prayer, but few or none for work. The Young Men's Christian Association was just born and was hardly out of its cradle, and the churches quite generally looked on it with disfavor as a rival. There was no Young Women's Christian Association, no Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The churches were largely theological schools. The sermons were largely theological discussions. The statement of a gentle critic in the fifties that Theodore Parker denied the divinity of Jesus Christ but emphasized his precepts, and the orthodox ministers denied his precepts but preached his divinity, was too epigrammatic to be quite true. But it is true that charity and missionary sermons were reserved for special occasions, that temperance sermons were rare, and that in most churches any reference to American slavery was prohibited by an unexpressed but very effective law. If to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, minister to the suffering and the handicapped, is to do Christ's work, then we may say that the churches are talking about him less and working for him more than they did seventy years ago. There is less preaching of Paul's Epistle to the Romans; there is more practicing of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

Great cities are the strategic points in the world's great battlefield. There the forces of good and evil meet each other face to face for a hand-to-hand battle to the death. The good soldier who believes in his cause and in his Leader asks nothing better. A backward glance over seventy-five years in the history of America's greatest city confirms my lifelong faith that the forces of selfish indulgence and selfish ambition are no match for the forces of sobriety and righteousness, of purity, reverence, and loyal love.

THE FIFTH LINK

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

I WAS finishing a speech before a men's club in Boston when one of the industrial captains of New York City walked into the hall. Speaking on the labor problem, I had assured my audience that the solution of that problem rested in the hands of the employer. I had declared: "You employers will have labor troubles as long as you are indifferent to a settlement on a basis that will be mutually desirable to all elements of American society. You have the power in your hands to command the respect and earnest co-operation of ninety-nine per cent of the workingmen in America if you really desire it. Without even raising your hand you can also gain the suspicion and distrust of a majority of the workmen. But just remember one thing—and I am talking to employers: If you have trouble with your workmen, the fundamental cause lies underneath your own hat." I closed my address with the demand for personal-contact relationship based on a whole-hearted desire on the part of the employer to give every workingman in America all that he was entitled to, and at the same time to let him know what the employer is fairly entitled to by placing the industrial cards on the table face up.

The industrial captain referred to was puzzled. He frankly said so. He handed me his card and asked me to call on him at his New York office the following day. I did so. This great captain, whom for present purposes I will call Mr. Jones, looked me over patronizingly, and then paralyzed me with astonishment, not to say indignation, by bluntly stating:

"Rogers, I couldn't help thinking last night what a great work you could do if you would put as much energy and sincerity into a sane proposition as you do into your chimerical, fatuous theory. Now keep cool," he blurted out as he noticed my face flush. "I didn't mean to hurt you; but I do think it is a pity that you should hypnotize yourself and then others with an idea so wholly devoid of merit. You made a statement that the heart of labor was absolutely square. Do you realize how big the word 'absolutely' is? Whether you do or not, I want to ask you one question which I think will explode your so-called 'solution.' If the heart of labor is square, why do they follow the leadership blindly and whole-heartedly of men like Bill Haywood on one side, and paid disturbers of industrial peace on the other who win their leadership by such malicious falsehoods and gross misrepresentation as to actually make a normal average intelligent man weep? Yet they drink in the idiotic promises of these crack-brained radicals the way a Sahara desert wanderer drinks a canteen full of cool water. My workmen don't know anything about the company apparently; and that isn't all—they don't seem to want to know the truth. They certainly don't take any trouble to get at the facts. We are in a terrible depression. Hundreds of factories are operating at an actual loss, thousands of others without a cent of profit. Millions of dollars of proposed contracts are awaiting an honest declaration from labor that they will do a dollar's worth of work for a dollar's worth of pay, and the building boom alone will give work to a million men at once if the public can be convinced that they are going to get a run for their money. In the face of all this, labor has absolutely refused, even though millions of their fellow-men are suffering, to give the slightest co-operation to bring conditions back to normal. If that's square, then I'd like to know how you figure it out. I would also like you to enlighten me where the employer is *all* to blame for a condition of affairs that is caused mainly at the present time by labor itself refusing to accept the slightest responsibility in bringing prosperity to the millions who are now out of work. You say the trouble is under our 'own hat,' and I want to have the pleasure of telling you to your face that you don't know what you are talking about. I want to fur-

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ther add that if you are sincere you are pathetically blind."

"All right, Mr. Jones," I coolly answered, although every nerve in my body was tingling with suppressed anger; "in the next ten minutes I am going to prove to you that I am neither blind nor foolish. I do not speak on theoretical ideas. I have no 'theory.' I have no illusion about the causes of unrest, neither do I have illusions about the present unreasonable attitude of millions of workingmen. But before I enter into a lengthy explanation, I want you to give me the four principal reasons for the present success of your company."

"Well," answered the industrial captain, "every large successful manufacturing concern builds permanent success on what I usually term a 'four-link industrial chain.' When I first started in business, I never fooled myself. I placed this company on a strong foundation, a foundation of confidence. Confidence of the banker, the wholesaler, the retailer, and the consuming public. The confidence of these four elements was gained by selling the personality, the integrity, and the ability of the executive officer of this company to them. I was a salesman at one time. It made no difference how good an article I had, I couldn't sell it to a retailer until I had first sold the personality and the integrity of 'Jones.' After I had established confidence in my integrity through my personality, I had little trouble in consummating a sale. I have applied the same principle to all my business dealings since starting this company. I firmly established, or rather welded, link No. 1 by selling the personality of 'Jones' to the banker. I never made a statement to my banker in all my business experience that was untrue. I realized that to be successful I had at all times to maintain the confidence of the banker. I maintained that confidence by meeting my banker face to face as often as was necessary, and when we started this company there were times that I was in the bank president's office a dozen times a week. Whenever he wavered, I immediately went right down, fully explained every minor detail of our business, and, as a result, I can truthfully say that this firm always has had, and still has, the absolute confidence and respect of the man who helped finance the company. I then went out personally, remember, and sold the same personality, integrity, and sincerity to the wholesaler. The wholesaler was a big man in our line. His good will and confidence meant success or failure, so I personally visited most of the big wholesalers east of the Mississippi River. When I got through with these men, they knew beyond a doubt that they were perfectly safe in dealing with Jones & Co. simply because they knew that Jones personally would make good any defective material or any loss that could be laid to the doors of our company. I therefore welded link No. 2 by making every possible effort at all times to keep in the closest personal touch with the wholesaler. I could not of course reach the retailer, and yet we knew it was necessary to have the retailer's confidence in our goods. We knew that if the retailer demanded the Jones line, Jones & Co. would always get his order. So I welded link No. 3 by getting together the highest-class sales force—men of personality—that money could buy. We didn't stop there. We spent a million dollars over a period of years in advertising to gain the confidence and good will of the consuming public. We have always taken great care to maintain that confidence, thereby welding the fourth link in the industrial chain of success. Does that answer your question?"

"It does, sir, and proves my 'theory.' You have correctly analyzed four necessary rules to follow to gain success in great industrial enterprise, or, as far as that is concerned, in any kind of enterprise; but you have left out the fifth, and because you have left out the fifth the industrial foundation of this country is being badly shaken today, and—get me correctly—the main reason for that is because you totally ignored the fifth link. With all the force of your being, with all the power of your personality, you put the cards on the table to your banker, you sold him Mr. Jones's sincerity, you sold him Mr. Jones's honesty; you then went to work and used that same power of personality and sincerity in gaining the good will and confidence of the wholesaler. Good work. You didn't stop there; you welded the next link in your chain and sold your personality, your integrity, to the retailer, and you still preserved and sold Jones & Co. and their integrity to the consumer, thereby gaining the good will and confidence of the fourth great link in your chain. But the thing that puzzles me, Mr. Jones, is what could possibly have prevented you from going ahead and completing your industrial chain by welding the fifth link, a link that would have completed an unbreakable circle. But, somehow or other, you failed entirely even to try to sell your personality or your honesty to the men who would eventually make or break you—the fifth-link men—*the men who make your goods*. The same Jones sincerity that sold the banker, the wholesaler, the retailer, and the consumer would have had mighty little trouble in selling itself to your workmen if you had applied the same methods in the same vigorous, sincere manner you employed with the other four link men; no trouble at all. If you hadn't tried to sell your personality and integrity and sound judgment to your banker, he never would have backed you up. If you hadn't tried to sell the same three elements to the wholesaler, he never would have bought your goods in the first place. If you had failed to follow up with the retailer and the ultimate consumer, they never would have heard of Jones & Co. It is incomprehensible to me that you could spend the million dollars that you have spent in advertising and in making good defective material to gain the good will of the dealer and the public, and yet not one single dollar have you spent to get the good will of your workmen. And then you wonder why *those who have established personal contact, who have sold their personality and their sincerity*, the agitator and organizer, can beat you out with your own workmen. Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Jones, and I'm telling you the biggest truth you have ever heard in your life—if you had used one-half the energy in selling your personality, your sincerity, and your fairness to the men who make your goods that you have to the men who have financed you and bought your goods, there would be no trouble in your plant to-day, because your workingmen would believe in you just as your banker does, just as the wholesaler does, just as the retailer and the ultimate consumers do; and it wouldn't take half the effort to reach the workingmen that you used to reach the business man. Mr. Jones, you welded a fairly strong chain as far as you went. The trouble is, you didn't go far enough; and just remember one thing all the time, that so soon as you have sold Jones & Co. through direct personal contact to the men who make your goods, just as you have sold Jones & Co. to the other four elements of society, you will find you will have reached a solution to the one thing that is putting gray hairs in your head right now—trying to find efficiency, confidence, and good will in the men in the workshop."

"But suppose I got in touch with my men," Jones suggested. "Do you suppose they would have believed me when I did put my cards on the table?"

"It has been proved in hundreds of plants," I answered, "that men are eager to follow the leadership of the employer wherever personal-contact relations have been established on a sincere, whole-hearted basis. There are several hundred plants operating to-day where the employer and employee are basking in the sunlight of perfect understanding and confidence. The sunlight is so strong that no cloud of suspicion blown from the fanatical mouths of rattleheaded opportunists can obscure it.

"Mr. Jones, any man that can sell a banker should hang his head in shame to believe that he couldn't sell himself to a warm-hearted worker. My ten minutes are up. Do I win?"

"You certainly do," replied the manufacturer; "you have completely sold me your idea, and I really believe that it is a common-sense, workable way out of the present industrial muddle. I am so much impressed that I want you to meet our superintendent. I'll send for him in a few days and have you meet him."

"Never mind your superintendent," I answered. "You didn't send your superintendent to sell your banker; you went down there yourself. And that's what you must do with your workingmen, no matter whether it takes a couple of weeks or a month; if teamwork in your factory isn't worth two weeks or a month of your time, it isn't

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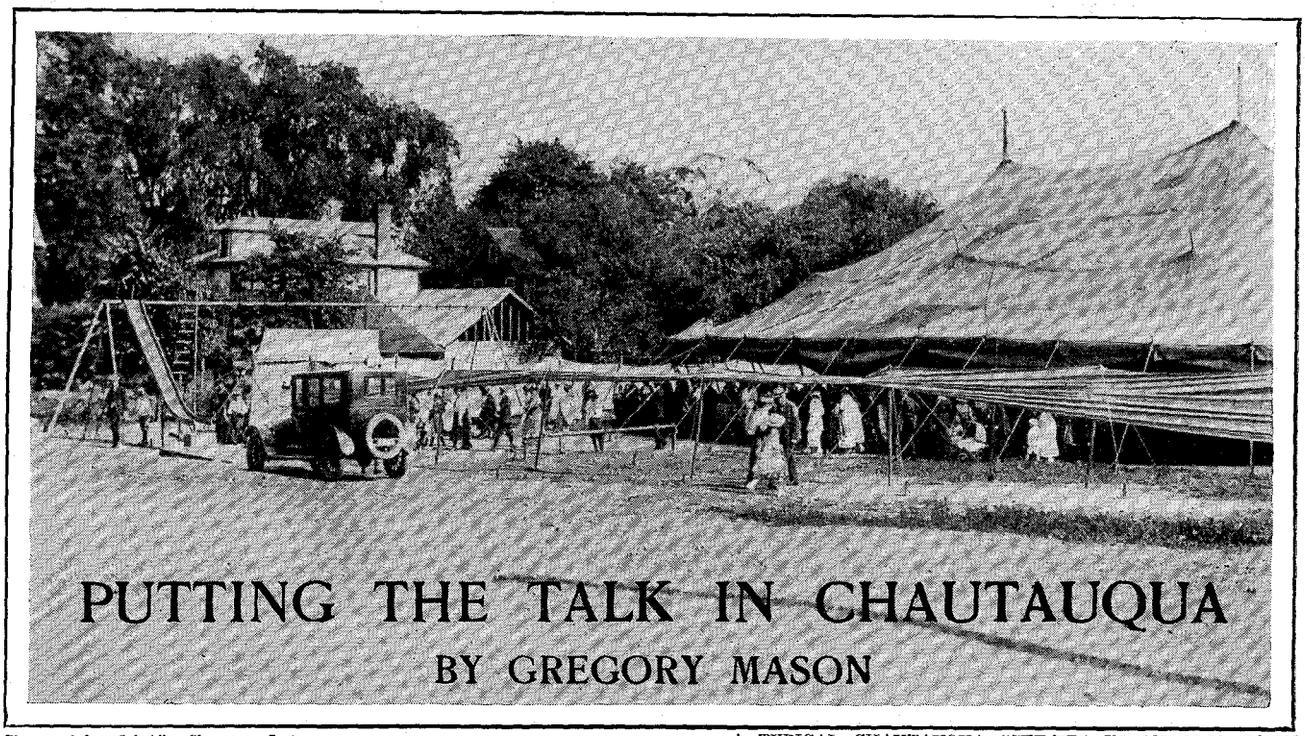
worth anything. It isn't the superintendent's personality that the men want to know; they want to know what kind of man you are. The radical agitator doesn't talk about the superintendent, nor does the labor organizer talk about the superintendent; he always raves about the general manager and owner, and that's you. You go out and talk to your men in groups of five hundred, a thousand, or two thousand, as the case may be, take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, talk like a genuine red-blooded man, and they'll 'get you,' and they'll know you mean it when you say it, and you're the only man that can tell them so they will know you do mean it. Your personality then will count just as it did when you went to your banker. But don't pass the buck to George. What I am driving at is that it is up to the two hundred and seventy-six thousand employers in this country to get off their high horse, get down to business, and by direct personal contact sell themselves, their honesty and integrity, to their men, which will automatically weld the fifth link in the chain of industry and pave the way to permanent prosperity and industrial peace."



PUTTING THE TALK IN CHAUTAUQUA

BY GREGORY MASON

Photograph from Colt-Alber Chautauqua System

A TYPICAL CHAUTAUQUA "SET-UP" IN AN OHIO TOWN

"A CHAUTAUQUA lecturer must talk to his audience just as fast as he can move his mouth. Don't give them time to think. If you do, they'll begin to think about those preserves on the back of the stove, or that girl waiting on the corner, and you'll lose your audience. As for your message to them, they'll have all the next day to think about that!"

This blunt advice, given to me by the circuit manager of a Western Chautauqua, I can recommend to all other lecturers. A man may be a seasoned speaker with an unbroken record of triumphs at after-dinner speaking or lyceum platform oratory, and yet fail flatly when it comes to talking under the big tent.

The first and main reason for this is the tent. Open at all sides, it offers the members of the audience views of various distractions which compete with the lecturer for their attention. The pranks of small boys at one side, at another side the appearance of the Hollister family rolling up the street in their new car which every one knows they cannot afford, and the sight of a cool grassy nook beneath large elms in the rear of the tent, all invite the members of the audience to wander from the canvas hall either in mind or in body.

The mixed nature of the Chautauqua audience is the second reason for the difficulties of those who attempt to "put the talk in Chautauqua." A more heterogeneous audience you could not find than the crowd which sits under the average brown tent. The ninety-year-olds are there and the nine-month-olds. There is probably no Chautauqua circuit in this country which would succeed if you barred babies from the tents. For Chautauqua is essentially a family institution, and the farmer's wife cannot leave the house unless she takes her baby with her.

Since he is taking to a mixed audience, the speaker must confine himself to a "popular lecture," of which the old definition is still, perhaps, the best one, namely, "five parts of sense and five parts of nonsense." The Chautauqua is no place for a lecturer with an involved technical subject. Neither is it any place for a lecturer with a weak voice. The acoustics of a building of canvas are naturally inferior to those of a building of wood or stone. And with the building of canvas, open on all sides, no speaker can succeed unless he has a voice capable of competing with the cries of the children who are always playing in the rear of Chautauqua tents and the honking of automobiles and the whistling of passing railway trains. Finally, no man or woman of sensitive feelings should ever attempt to address a Chautauqua audience, which has less regard for etiquette than any other in the world. Rare, indeed, is the occasion when a few persons do not leave during the discourse, and the old saying that the test of the success of a lecture is "whether more of the audience remain than go home" may almost be applied to the Chautauqua in all seriousness. Children circulate freely through the audience while the "show" is going on, whispering loudly to each other or to their parents, and often taking liberties with the speaker. Once when I was standing very close to the footlights, a small boy, who had become fascinated with my white shoes, reached over the lights and untied a shoe lace. Babies become hungry and vociferous, and must be taken out of the tent to be quieted and fed. In fact, there is a general atmosphere of movement in the audience. On one occasion when I was speaking one of two young girls returning to the tent was heard to say to the other, "I wonder if it's any more interesting now than when we went out." No, the Chautauqua platform is not a place for a sensitive person.

I trust that by this time all my

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readers are aware that Chautauqua is not the name of a patent medicine or of a breakfast food, as one old lady I have heard of thought it was. "Chautauqua," originally the name of an Indian tribe, was borrowed for a lake in western New York the banks of which became the location of an annual summer gathering for entertainment and instruction. This was the first Chautauqua, a permanent, fixed institution. Later, the traveling Chautauqua, as we know it to-day, was developed. This is simply an arrangement for giving a series of towns in succession a programme of combined entertainment and education. Chautauqua is merely the lyceum in the light, pongee costume of summer.

Millbury, Massachusetts, has the honor of being the site of the first American lyceum, which was founded there in 1826, by Josiah Holbrook, of Derby, Connecticut. The movement grew so rapidly that by 1834 there were nearly three thousand lyceums in the United States. Mr. Holbrook borrowed the word lyceum from the spot where Aristotle used to lecture to the young men of Greece. Ralph Waldo Emerson is generally credited with being the first professional American lyceum lecturer, and nearly all of Emerson's famous essays were first written as lectures. Fees were small in those days. It is on record that when the town of Waltham offered Emerson five dollars for a lecture the great philosopher accepted only after stipulating that there must be thrown in "four quarts of oats for my horse."

Emerson later attained twenty dollars as a regular fee, which was five dollars more than most other lecturers were content with. Fees grew like everything else in the movement, however, and it was not long before Starr King was able to answer an inquiry with the statement that he lectured for "F. A. M. E. —Fifty and my expenses." To-day the highest-priced speakers in lyceum work get for a single lecture fifteen times that fee of Starr King's and more than thirty-five times the price generally paid Emerson. Henry D. Thoreau, James Russell Lowell, Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips are a few of the intellectual giants whose work lent distinction to the programmes of the early lyceums.

The Chautauqua, then, is a summer lyceum, held under a canvas tent instead of in a hall of wood or stone. Some of the features of the organization of Chautauqua are peculiar to it alone, however. There are three, four, five, six, and seven day Chautauqua circuits. For example, take the simplest case, a three-day circuit. Suppose the first three towns are Green Meadows, Carp River, and Alfalfa Center. Very likely the population of no one of them exceeds five hundred souls. It is now June, and these towns have been "booked" for the circuit the preceding fall or winter. The "advance man" has visited them and thoroughly advertised the attractions which are to come. Now arrive two "crew boys." Their job is to erect the tent, the stage, and the

SCENE FROM BENJAMIN CHAPIN'S DRAMA "LINCOLN AT THE WHITE HOUSE"

Chapin, who died two years ago, was a familiar figure at Chautauqua

benches of unfinished boards for the audience. On the morning of the first of the three days the children of Green Meadows come to the tent for a "hike" and picnic under the supervision of a young woman termed the "Junior Supervisor." (Nearly every good Chautauqua circuit now has attractions planned for the entertainment and instruction of children alone.) In the afternoon the attraction consists of a band of Tyrolean yodlers (some of the yodlers may have been born in Milwaukee or Terre Haute or Harper's Landing, but generally a fair percentage are really imported from the Tyrol). In the evening the yodlers again entertain for half an hour, being followed by the *pièce de résistance* of the day, a lecture by Mrs. Z. B. Wuggins entitled "America First, Last, and All the Time."

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

Probably the best-known lecturer of Chautauqua "talent"

The second day Green Meadows enjoys outdoor games and sports for the children in the morning, and an Italian vocal and instrumental musical troupe in the afternoon, followed by a lecture on "Community Engineering" by a young college professor whose ideas for improving the village school, the village church, and the village business life are distinctly worth hearing. In the evening there is a grand concert by the Italians.

The third day begins with a costume party for the children, prizes being given for the best costumes. After dinner—which of course is a noonday meal in Green Meadows—every one who can get away from farm or store goes to the big tent to hear the singing and the jokes of the Lightfoot Male Quartette. Green Meadows goes home to face three hundred and sixty-two days of normal humdrum existence, after an evening divided between these Lightfoot boys and the Hon. J. I. B. Mower, of the Louisiana State Legislature, whose lecture on "Post-War Duties of the United States to Europe" is heard with a surprising amount of attention and real understanding.

All performers on a Chautauqua platform, whether they be yodlers, cartoonists, or lecturers, are described by the generic term "talent." Well, in the case of our three-day circuit the talent which was in Green Meadows on Monday will be opening the three-day programme at Alfalfa Center on Wednesday, while the talent which closes in Green Meadows on Wednesday does not reach Alfalfa Center until Saturday. As the three-day programme is finished in each village the tent is taken down by the "crew boys" and shipped to the next town allotted to them.

During the past season nearly nine thousand towns and nearly ten million persons were reached by Chautauqua in this country and Canada alone. It was with good reason that Theodore Roosevelt called Chautauqua "the most American thing in America." It is as fundamentally American as Indian corn or jazz. American promoters have already carried it to several other parts of the Anglo-Saxon world, however. England, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia are all now reached by one large American Chautauqua Association, which sends American talent to these British countries and imports British talent in return. The interchange of ideas thus brought about is making Chautauqua one of the strongest forces now working for the unity of the Anglo-Saxon world.

Mr. Louis J. Alber, President of the Affiliated Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, to whom I am indebted for not a little of the information in this article, well says that, "not only is Chautauqua 'the most American thing in America,' but it is the most democratic thing in democracy." Chautau-

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qua is the poor man's university. Its value is enhanced by the fact that its particular field is largely among the more remote and smaller communities of the country. In many cases it is the only link between them and culture. Of course a large portion of any Chautauqua programme is pure entertainment. But entertainment in this case is more than it is in a big city; in a little struggling farm village or a hard-driven mining town entertainment means in the best sense recreation and mental rejuvenation.

"We look forward to Chautauqua the whole year as the bright spot in our lives," said a little old farmer's wife to me last summer in South Dakota. "Our year is made up of fifty-one weeks of humdrum slavery and one week of Chautauqua."

However, if you look at any Chautauqua programme, you will be surprised at the large percentage of features in which instruction or pure information is more emphasized than entertainment. Lectures, for instance, form a very large part of any Chautauqua programme. Now a great many of these lectures are still built after a modified form of the old recipe—that is, you may say that instead of being five parts sense and five parts nonsense, they are seven parts stimulation of the mind and three parts stimulation of the diaphragm.

It was as one of the large number of men and women who every summer "put the talk in Chautauqua" that I had my first experience with "the most American thing in America" several years ago. Like every other lecturer at his first Chautauqua experience, I was surprised by the thirst for information on serious subjects and the great capacity for absorbing it which I found among people who had never had more than a common school education, who had never had opportunities to use any of the usual means of higher cultivation. My first town was a little dusty farm village of 371 inhabitants, or about a third the size of the audience that the big tent would hold. "Why on earth do they have a Chautauqua in this town?" I asked myself. The answer was soon visible—a press of more than a hundred automobiles, mostly Fords, which poured into town from all directions, each bringing a farmer and his family. When a lecturer sees people like these making such an effort as this to hear him expound his plan for rehabilitating Mexico, or for achieving a real League of Nations, or for improving American public school education, that lecturer is put on his mettle as he has probably never been put on his mettle before. The sight of this tremendous thirst for information ought to make the most egregious expounder of claptrap and buncombe expurgate such features from his talk.

Chautauqua is doing a great work of education and inspiration. It reaches minds that no other school reaches, and it reaches hearts that no other church reaches. Religion without creed is one of the fundamental principles of Chautauqua. When you hear this or that clergyman of this or that narrow sect complaining that because people do not fill his church religion is dying in the hearts of Americans, tell him that, while his premises may be right, he had better revise his deductions. The truth is that millions of the sort of people who used to attend churches where religion with creed was extolled are now getting their religion without creed from Chautauqua.

A GRAVE

BY EDWARD DAVISON

Bury me when I am dead
With an acorn in my hand,
Plant us deep for a long sleep
In a grassy land.

Set no granite on that grave,
Let no yew tree cover it,
Nor a weeping willow wave
Long leaves over it.

Rain and dew of dawn shall soak,
Suns arouse the pregnant sod,
Till at last a mighty oak
Keeps my grave untrod.

ISLAND

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

It is not severed from the kindly ground.
Under the silver line God draws around
Its quiet beauty, it is one with all
The softly wooded hills, the clods that fall
Where the plow passes, and the trodden road—
Only about this bit of earth has flowed
Pure mystery of water deep and clear.
Some hours God circles with his Presence so,—
Part of what has been and what is to be
And yet distinct forever—and we hear
About their perfect peace in music flow
The living waters of eternity.

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THE BOOK TABLE

ANDREW CARNEGIE[1]

"DO you know what that little white-haired Scotch devil of mine did?"

"No."

"I'm blamed if he didn't run every train on the division without the slightest authority."

"And did he do it all right?"

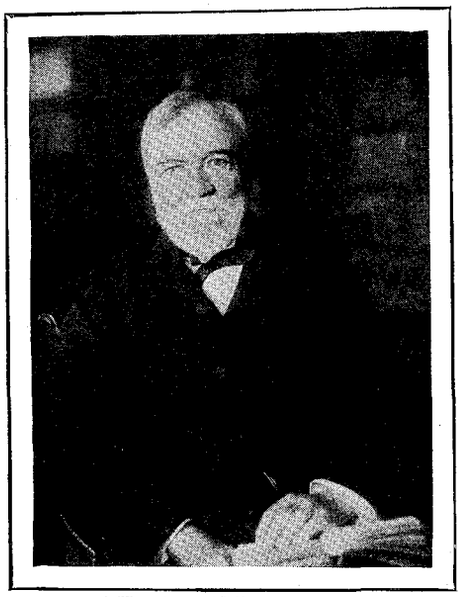
"Oh, yes, all right."

The speakers were Thomas A. Scott, in charge of one of the divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and the head of the freighting department of Pittsburgh. The time was before the Civil War period. The "little white-haired Scotch devil" was Andrew Carnegie.

He was working for Scott at a salary of thirty-five dollars a month as clerk and telegraph operator. One morning young Carnegie learned that a serious accident had delayed the express passenger train westward and that the passenger train eastward was proceeding with a flagman in advance at every curve. The freight trains were all standing still upon the sidings. Mr. Scott was not to be found. Mr. Carnegie says, in his delightful autobiography: "I could not resist the temptation to plunge in, take the responsibility, give train orders, and set matters going." He continues:

> "Death or Westminster Abbey," flashed across my mind. I knew it was dismissal, disgrace, perhaps criminal punishment for me if I erred. On the other hand, I could bring in the wearied freight-train men who had lain out all night. I could set everything in motion. I knew I could. I had often done it in wiring Mr. Scott's orders. I knew just what to do, and so I began. I gave the orders in his name, started every train, sat at the instrument watching every tick, carried the trains along from station to station, took extra precaution, and had everything running smoothly when Mr. Scott at last reached the office.

That was the kind of Scotch fiber Andrew Carnegie showed. He was willing to take responsibility and "to take a chance," just as the Bruce did, whose tomb is in Carnegie's native town of Dunfermline, and where Dunfermline boys grew up with true Scotch imagination and pride. When, one day, a wicked



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

Andrew Carnegie

big boy at school told Andrew that England was far larger than Scotland, Andrew went to his uncle, who had the remedy. "Not at all, Naig [his diminutive for Carnegie]. If Scotland were rolled out flat as England, Scotland would be the larger. But would you have the Highlands rolled down?"

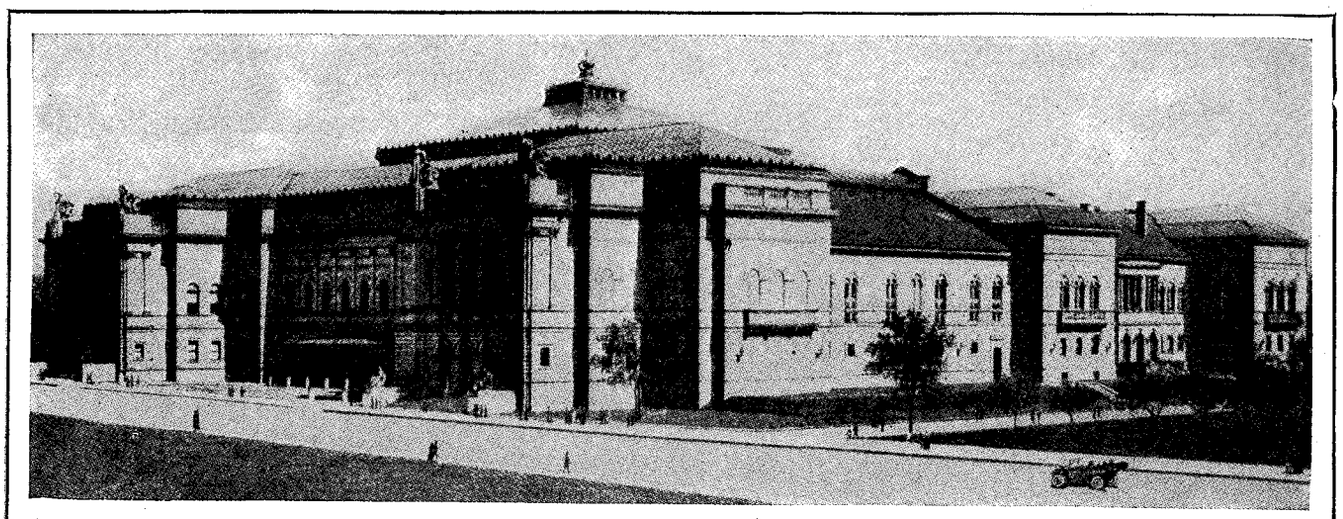
Another reason why Andrew Carnegie succeeded in life was because he knew men. He tells us of this trait in connection with his keeping pigeons and rabbits as a boy. He says:

> I am grateful every time I think of the trouble my father took to build a suitable house for these pets.
>
> Our home became headquarters for my young companions. . . . My first business venture was securing my companions' services for a season as an employer, the compensation being that the young rabbits, when such came, should be named after them. The Saturday holiday was generally spent by my flock in gathering food for the rabbits. My conscience reproves me to-day, looking back, when I think of the hard bargain I drove with my young playmates, many of whom were content to gather dandelions and clover for a whole season with me, conditioned upon this unique reward—the poorest return ever made for labor. Alas! what else had I to offer them? Not a penny.
>
> I treasure the remembrance of this plan as the earliest evidence of organizing power upon the development of which my material success in life has hung—a success not to be attributed to what I have known or done myself, but to the faculty of knowing and choosing others who did know better than myself.

Andrew Carnegie began work as a bobbin boy at $1.20 a week. He then served the Pennsylvania Railroad System from telegraph boy and operator to the management of the Pittsburgh division. He became assistant to Mr. Scott when Scott was Assistant Secretary of War in charge of transportation. He organized rail-making, bridge-making, and locomotive concerns. He introduced the Bessemer process in the manufacture of steel. He draws this picture of himself:

> Up to this time [1873] I had the reputation in business of being a bold, fearless, and perhaps a somewhat reckless young man. . . . I know of one who declared that if "Andrew Carnegie's brains did not carry through, his luck would." . . . But I am sure that any competent judge

[1] Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.



Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AT PITTSBURGH

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would be surprised to find how little I ever risked for myself or my partners. . . . My supply of Scotch caution has never been small; but I was apparently something of a daredevil now and then to the manufacturing fathers of Pittsburgh. They were old and I was young, which made all the difference.

The one occurrence in Mr. Carnegie's Pittsburgh career which wounded him deeply was the Homestead strike (1892). Workmen had been killed at the Carnegie Works. That was sufficient, says Mr. Carnegie, "to make my name a byword for years." While he was in Scotland the strike arose; "it was so unnecessary," says Mr. Carnegie. Finally, satisfaction came—and largely through the National Civic Federation, which, as Mr. Carnegie records, exerts "a benign influence over both employers and employees."

The iron and steel master, now rich, proceeded to spend his money on the principle that "private wealth is a public trust." His first benefaction took the form of public library buildings. The thought of devoting his money to this purpose was suggested by his early acquaintance with Colonel Anderson, of Pittsburgh, who, on Saturday afternoons, had the praiseworthy habit of lending any of his several hundred books. Young Andrew eagerly looked forward to these afternoons, and resolved that if he ever became rich he would found libraries. He did. And then came the Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute; the Carnegie Institution, with its seat at Washington; the Hero Fund; the Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; the Endowment for International Peace; and, finally, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, which was to act as a trustee for all future gifts.

Whether a poor boy or a millionaire, Andrew Carnegie remained throughout the shrewd, keen, wide-awake Scotch character. He retained his childlike and youthfully buoyant enthusiasms to the last. No matter how much people may criticise his personal idiosyncrasies and his political and social theories, he was a great captain of industry and he had a great conception of life. His autobiography is indeed a human document. Happily, its editor has set it before us almost entirely in Mr. Carnegie's own words. The Scotch laddie who was to become one of the most notable Americans of his time tells his tale in his own way. The book is thus first-hand, intimate, individual. It will be read and appreciated the world over.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION AND DRAMA

CONQUEST. By Gerald O'Donovan. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A tale of love, politics, fighting, and agitation in Ireland of to-day.

GOLDEN SHOE (THE). By Justin H. McCarthy. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.

A light-weight piece of fiction writing as compared with Mr. McCarthy's recent capital story, "Henry Elizabeth." This novel is pleasant enough, and if one yields credence to the very improbable exchange of names and identities between the two young girl workers in the Golden Shoe establishment, the complications ensuing are easily accepted.

LILIOM: By Franz Molnar. English Text and Introduction by Benjamin F. Glazer. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

An editorial discussion of this play appeared in The Outlook for May 25.

PATH OF THE KING (THE). By John Buchan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

That the kingly spirit, the native power and genius that make a leader of men, does not die out is the theme of these episodes in fictional history. In each a descendant of an ancient Norse king plays a brave, if minor, part. In the life and death of Lincoln the kingly inheritance rises to world-wide fame and vigor.

STEPSONS OF LIGHT. By Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A plot story of exciting adventures in the wilds of New Mexico. Animation in the telling of the incidents of fighting, love-making, and villainy make the book lively and amusing.

WRECK (THE). By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

The romance of a Hindu law student and of a Brahman maid. The incidents are such as could happen only in the East and make up a singular tale, more dramatic and with more human story-element than anything else Tagore has written.

BIOGRAPHY

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B. Illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

Few of these English public men are familiar by name to American readers. Matthew Arnold, Anthony Trollope, and Sir Arthur Helps are exceptions. Incidentally the book throws light on the methods of the English Civil Service, with the work and personnel of which Sir Algernon is familiar.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

HANDBOOK OF YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK. Compiled and Edited by Ansel F. Hall. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Probably nowhere else in one volume at a moderate price can so complete a compendium of information about the Yosemite be found. It will be invaluable to the prospective visitor and delightful to the tourist who has already seen the great Valley.

WAR BOOKS

WATCHING ON THE RHINE. By Violet R. Markham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

"Impressions and experiences, some humorous and some decidedly serious, of a woman member of the Army of Occupation in Germany."

MISCELLANEOUS

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY. By Camille Flammarion. The Century Company, New York. $3.

A popular account of certain occult psychic phenomena which of late years have attracted the attention of many scientific investigators in England, France, and America. These phenomena are relied upon by the author to establish his first contention—that the soul exists apart from the body. Two volumes to follow will deal with apparitions and with supposed manifestations of human survival after death.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES. By Arthur Belleville McCoid. St. Hubert Publishing Company, Chicago.

From long experience as a lawyer the author believes that divorce and separation almost always have their origin in ill feeling caused by avoidable misunderstandings and irritating conduct. He doesn't lecture husbands and wives in this readable book, but illustrates his points by amusing incidents from real life.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

FORESHADOWED. By F. E. Mills Young. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

INVISIBLE TIDES. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

LAMP OF FATE (THE). By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.90.

MUMMER'S TALE (A). By Anatole France. Translated by Charles E. Roche. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

ROGUES & COMPANY. By Ida A. R. Wylie. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.75.

WALL (THE). By John Cournos. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

STORY OF A POET (THE): MADISON CAWEIN. By Otto A. Rothert. Illustrated. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Kentucky. $6.

MARCUS AURELIUS. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.75.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

PROBLEM OF FOREIGN POLICY (THE). A Consideration of Present Dangers and the Best Methods of Meeting Them. By Gilbert Murray. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION (THE). By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company, New York. $3.

TRUTH ABOUT THE TREATY (THE). By André Tardieu. Foreword by Edward M. House. Introduction by Georges Clemenceau. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $4.

MISCELLANEOUS

HIGH COSTS OF STRIKES (THE). By Marshall Olds. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

HISTORY OF THE ASSOCIATION PSYCHOLOGY (A). By Howard C. Warren. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR. By Stewart Paton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50.

HUMAN TRAITS AND THEIR SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE. By Irwin Edman, Ph.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

JAPAN AND THE CALIFORNIA PROBLEM. By T. Iyenaga, Ph.D., and Kenoske Sato, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

JAPANESE IMPRESSIONS. WITH A NOTE ON CONFUCIUS. Translated from the French of Paul-Louis Couchoud. By Frances Rumsey, with a Preface by Anatole France. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

NEW JAPANESE PERIL (THE). By Sidney Osborne. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

PIGEON RAISING. By Alice Macleod. The Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $1.50.

PRACTICAL MINOR TACTICS. By Jens Bugge. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

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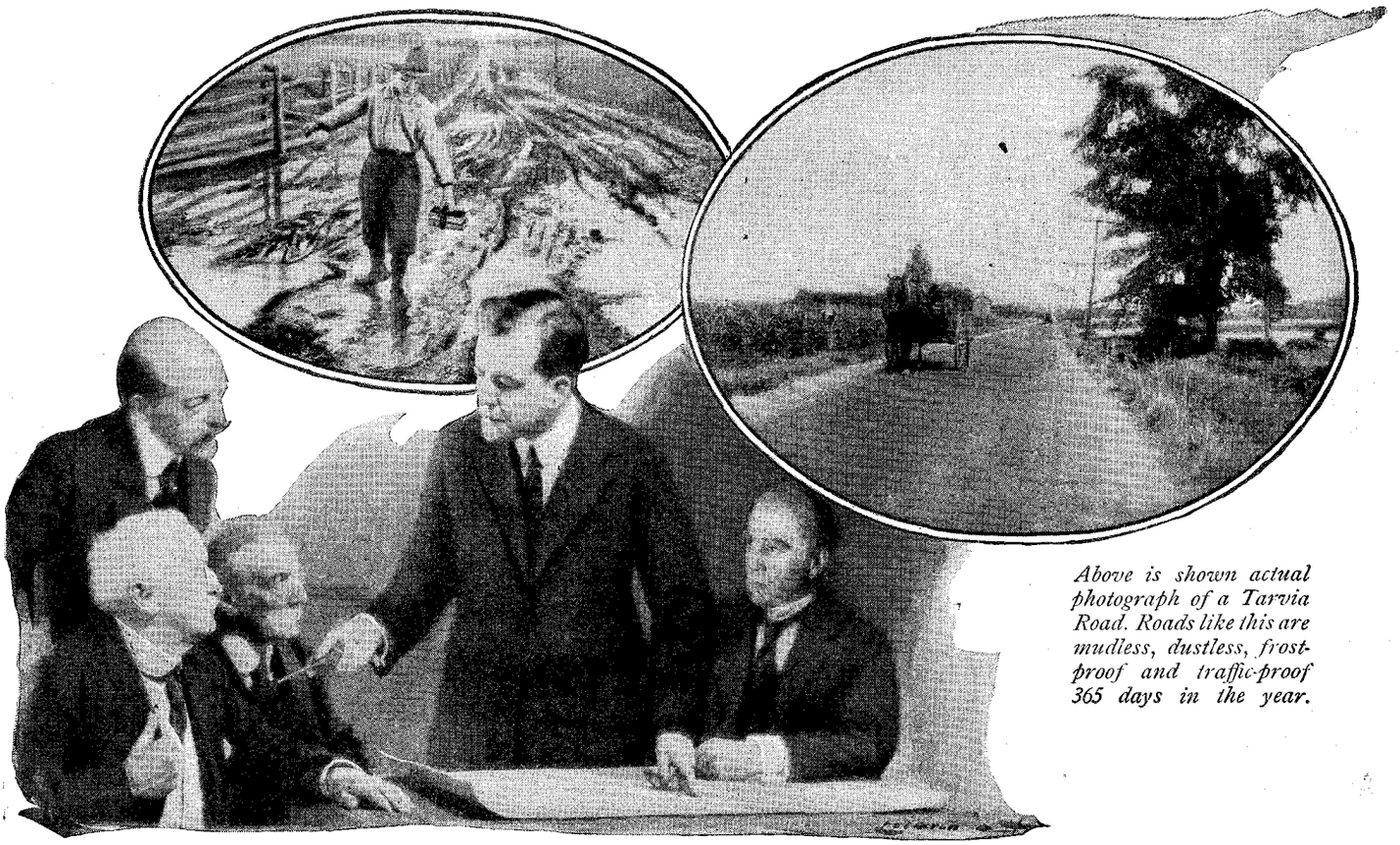

Above is shown actual photograph of a Tarvia Road. Roads like this are mudless, dustless, frost-proof and traffic-proof 365 days in the year.

The Road Commissioner Was Thinking of His Boyhood Days—

The road commissioner pointed to the map.

"Right there, gentlemen, as a boy on my way to school, I used to see farm wagons stuck hub-deep in the mud.

"*That was twenty years ago.* And today our roads are the same muddy swamps in spring and fall, still choking with dust in summer, impassable in winter. It's a disgrace.

"Why, gentlemen, our farmers can't even get their produce to market on time. A new family hasn't settled in the county for over a year. Our stores are losing business. We're all losing money and we will—until we get good roads."

"But, man, think of the taxes. The cost of construction and maintenance," argued one of the others.

"I *am* thinking of all those things," continued the commissioner. "Here's the solution—"

Then he told them about Tarvia—how Tarvia may be used to build modern, traffic-proof roads, making them waterproof, frostproof, dustless and mudless. How Tarvia roads stand up under all kinds of weather and trying traffic conditions. He showed them how the low upkeep and lasting quality of Tarvia roads save in actual dollars and cents more than enough to pay for the original cost of Tarvia construction.

Today, with an increasing network of Tarvia roads, this once-stuck-in-the-mud community is alive and growing. The running time to town is now a matter of minutes—not hours. Farm produce is easily carried to nearby trading centers. Hauling costs are lower and profits greater. The old cross-roads schools have made way for a modern central graded school. And in many other ways, their road investment is putting them "on the map."

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation for use in constructing new roads or repairing old ones. One Tarvia road in your community will prove to you and your townspeople how Tarvia roads increase property values and thereby decrease taxes.

Special Service Department

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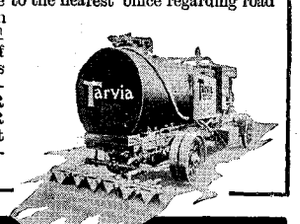

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, graduated from the New York University sixty-eight years ago, at an age when most boys to-day are preparing to enter college, and was admitted to the bar in New York by the time he was twenty-one. He practiced law with his brothers, whose names are well known to the legal profession through the wide use of Abbott's "Digest." His early acquaintance with New York City, of which he writes in this issue, was thus gained by him as a student and as a practicing lawyer. Some of his legal work gave him opportunities of seeing certain sides of life that the ordinary citizen never knows. Several weeks ago a few of New York's older citizens were honored at a gathering at the Town Hall in New York City. Dr. Abbott, being one of the number, made an address on that occasion, which, though not preserved in exact form in the article in this issue, covered much the same subject. In later issues Dr. Abbott will resume his "Snap-Shots."

SYDNEY GREENBIE is a traveler, lecturer, and author who has spent several years of residence in various parts of the Pacific. He has sojourned in the South Sea Islands, in New Zealand, where he remained a year, in Australia, where he remained for six months, in the Philippines, in China, and, finally, in Japan, where he remained for over two years. He has contributed other articles to The Outlook.

RICHARD BARRY'S two articles last fall on the two Presidential candidates, comparing them as newspaper men and citizens, formed a capital introduction of him to The Outlook's readers. Mr. Barry is primarily a newspaper man, having had wide experience with several newspapers, and having served as correspondent in the Russo-Japanese War and with the Atlantic Fleet in its cruise around the world in 1908. He is the author of several books.

SHERMAN ROGERS is known to the readers of The Outlook for his racy treatment of industrial subjects, which is due to his knowledge of such subjects from the root up. He was a lumberjack before he was a lecturer and writer.

GREGORY MASON was a staff correspondent of The Outlook in the World War and contributed articles describing most varied experiences on the ground, in the air, and under the water, reporting views of eminent leaders in the nations at war, and recording developments of public sentiment in Germany and Austria as well as in the Allied countries. On the Chautauqua Circuit, which he describes in this issue, he has been a successful lecturer.

EDWARD DAVISON is one of the younger English poets. He writes from St. John's College, Cambridge. Other verse of his has appeared in The Outlook.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, who has been a frequent contributor to The Outlook, is the author of several volumes of verse.

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